

AAN. h. 23
FLOWRES
OF SION.

BY
WILLIAM DRYMMOND
of Hawthorne-denne.

To which is adjoy-
ned his

CYPRESSE
GROVE.

Printed 1623.

Given to the colledge of King James
Edenborough by the author 1624

FLOWERS

OF STON

WILLIAM H. HARRIS

OF HARRISBURG

To which is added

A LIST

OF

1851



FLOWRES OF SION:

OR

SPIRITVALL POEMS,

BY

W. D.



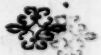
Triumphant Arches, Statues crown'd with Bayes,
Proud Obeliskes, Tombes of the valiest Frame,
Colosses brasen *Alas!* of Fame,
Phanes vainely builded to vaine Deities praise:
States which vnfatiate Mindes in blood doe raise,
From the Crosse-starrs vnto the Articke Teame,
Alas! and what wee write to keepe our Name,
Like Spiders Causes are made the sport of Dayes,
All onely constant is in constant Change,
What done is, is vndone, and when vndone,
Into some other figure doth it range,
Thus rolles the restless World beneath the Moone:
Wherefore (my Minde) about Time, Motion, Place,
Thee raise, and Steppes not reach'd by Nature, trace.

A Good that neuer failes the Minde,
 A Beautie fading like the Aprile flowres,
 A Sweete with floods of Gall that runnes combind,
 A Pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
 A Honour that more sickle is than winde,
 A Glorie at Opinions frowne that lowres,
 A Treasurie which bankrupt Time deuoures,
 A Knowledge than graue Ignorance more blinde,
 A vaine Delight our equalles to command,
 A Stile of greatnesse, in effect a Dreame,
 A fabling Thought of holding Sea and Land,
 A seruite Lot, dect with a pompous Name:
 Are the strange Endes we toyle for heere below,
 Till wisest Death make vs our errores know.

Life a right shadow is
 For if it long appeare,
 Then is it spent, and Deaths long Night drawes neare,
 Shadowes are mouing, light
 And is there ought so mouing as this?
 When it is most in sight
 It steales away, and none can tell how, where,
 So neere our Cradles to our Coffines are,



Looke how the Flowre which lingringly doth fade,
 The Mornings Darling late, the Summers Queene,
 Spoyl'd of that Iuice which kept it fresh and Greene,
 As high as it did raise bowes low the head:
 Right so my Life (Contentments being dead,
 Or in their Contraries but onely seene)
 With swifter speed declines than eart it spred,
 And (blasted) scarce now shewes what it hath beene.
 Therefore, as doth the Pilgrime, whom the Night
 Hastes darkely to imprison on his way,
 Thinke on thy Home (my Soule) and thinke aright,
 Of what yet restes thee of Lifes wasting Day,
 Thy Sunne postes Westward, passed is thy Morne,
 And twice it is not giuen thee to be borne.



THe wearie Mariner so fast not flies
 An howling Tempest, Harbour to attaine,
 Nor Sheepheard hastes when frayes of Wolves arise
 So fast to Fold to saue his bleeting traine,
 As I (wing'd with Contempt and just Disdaine)
 Now flie the World, and what it most doth prize,
 And Sanctuarie seeke free to remaine
 From wounds of abject Times, and Enuies eyes,
 To mee this World did once seeme sweete and faire,
 While Senses light, Mindes Prospectiue kept blinde,
 Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Aire,
 And weeping Raine-bowes, her best loyes I finde:
 Or if ought heere is had that praise should haue,
 It is a Life obscure, and silent Graue.



Too long I followed haue on fond Desire,
 And too long painted on deluding Streames,
 Too long refreshment sought midst burning Fire,
 Runne after Ioyes which to my Soule were Blames;
 Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
 And prou'd of Lifes Delights the last extreames,
 I found all but a Rose, hedg'd with a Bryer,
 A nought, a thought, a shew of golden Dreames.
 Henceforth on thee (mine onely Good) I'll thinke,
 For onely thou canst grant what I doe craue,
 Thy Nalles my Penes shall be, thy Blood my Inke,
 Thy Winding-sheet my Paper, Study Graue:
 And till that Soule from Body parted be,
 No Hope I'll haue but onely onely Thee.



Of this faire Volume which wee World doe name,
 If wee the sheetes and leaues could turne with care,
 Of him who reuolued, and did it frame,
 Wee cleare might read the Art and Wilddome rare:
 Finde out his Power which wildest Pow'rs doth tame,
 His Prouidence extending euery where,
 His Iustice which proud Rebels doth not spare,
 In euery Page, no, Period of the same:
 But sillie wee like foolish Children rest,
 Well pleas'd with colour'd Velumne, Leaues of Gold,
 Faire dangling Ribbons, leauing what is best,
 On the great Writers sense nee'r taking hold;
 Or if by chance we stay our Mindes on ought,
 It is some Picture on the Margint wrought.



THe Griefe was common, common were the Cryes,
Teares, Sobbes, and Groanes of that afflicted Traine,
Which of Gods chosen did the Summe containe,
And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies;
All good had left the World, each Vice did raigne
In the most monstrous sorts Hell could deuise,
And all Degrees, and each Estate did staine,
Nor further had to goe, whom to surprise;
The World beneath, the Prince of Darknesse lay,
In euerie Phan who had himselfe install'd,
Was sacrific'd vnto, by Prayers call'd,
Responses gaue, which (fooles) they did obey:
When (pittyng Man) God of a Virgines wombe
Was borne, and those false Deities strooke dombe.



RUnne (Sheepheards) run, where *Bethleme* blest appeares,
Wee bring the best of Newes, bee not dismay'd,
A Sauour there is borne, more olde than yeares,
Amidst the rolling Heauen this Earth who stay'd:
In a poore Cottage inn'd, a Virgine Maide,
A weakeling did him beare who all vpbeares,
There is hee poorlie swad'd, in Manger lay'd,
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares.
Runne (Sheepheards) runne and solemnize his Birth,
This is that Night, no, Day growne great with Blisse,
In which the Power of *Satan* broken is,
In Heauen be Glorie, Peace vnto the Earth.
Thus singing through the Aire the Angels swame,
And Cope of Starres re-echoed the same.



O Than the fairest day, thrice fairer Night,
 Night to best Dayes, in which a Sunne doth rise,
 Of which that golden Eye which cleares the Skies,
 Is but a sparkling Ray, a Shadow light,
 And blessed yee (in fillie Pastors sight)
 Milde Creatures in whose warme Crib now lyes,
 That Heauen-sent Yongling, holy Maide-borne Wight,
 Midst, end, beginning of our Prophecies:
 Blest Cottage that hath Flowres in Winter spred,
 Though withered blessed Grasse, that hath the grace
 To decke and be a Carpet to that Place;

Thus sang vnto the foundes of oaten Reed
 Before the Babe, the Shepheards bow'd on knees,
 And Springs ranne Nectar, Hony dropt from Trees.



TO spread the azure Canopie of Heauen,
 And make it twinkle with those spangs of Gold,
 To stay the pondrous Globe of Earth so euen,
 That it should all, and nought should it vpholds
 To giue strange motions to the Planets seuen,
 Or loue to make so meeke, or Mars so bolde,
 To temper what is moist, dry, hote, and colde,
 Of all their Iarres that sweet accords are giuen:
 LORD, to thy Wisedome's nought, nought to thy Might,
 But that thou shouldst (thy Glorie laide aside)
 Come meanelie in mortalitie to bide,
 And die for those deserv'd eternall plight,
 A wonder is so farre aboue our wit,
 That Angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.



THe last and greatest Herauld of Heauens King,
 Girt with rough Skinnes, hys to the Desarts wilde,
 Among that sauage brood the Woods forth bring,
 Which he than Man more harmlesse found and milde;
 His food was Locusts, and what there doth spring,
 With Hony that from virgine Hiues distill'd,
 Parcht Bodie, hollow Eyes, some vncouth thing
 Made him appeare, long since from Earth exile,
 There burst he forth, All yee whose Hopes relye
 On GOD, with mee amidst these Desarts mourne,
 Repent, repent, and from olde errors turne,
 Who listned to his voyce, obey'd his crye
 Onely the Ecchoes which hee made replye,
 Rung from their flintie Caues, repent, repent.



THese Eyes (deare Lord) once Brandons of Desire,
 Fraile Scoutes betraying what they had to keepe,
 Which their owne heart, then others set on fire,
 Their traitrous blacke before thee heere out weepe,
 These Lockes of blushing deeds, the gilt attire,
 Waues curling, wrackefull shelles to shadow deepe,
 Rings wedding Soules to Sinnes lethargicke sleepe,
 To touch thy sacred Feet doe now aspire.
 In Seas of care behold a sinking Barke,
 By windes of sharpe Remorse vnto thee driuen,
 O let me not expos'd be Ruines marke,
 My faults confest (Lord) say they are forgiven.
 Thus sigh'd to Iesus the Bethanian faire,
 His teare-wet Feet still drying with her Haire.



I Countries chang'd, new pleasures out to finde,
 But *ah!* for pleasure new I found new paine,
 Enchanting Pleasure so did Reason blind,
 That Fathers loue and words I scorn'd as vaine:
 For Tables rich, for bed, for *comelic* Traine
 Of carefull seruants to obsecrue my Minde,
 These Heards I keepe, my fellowes are assign'd,
 Rocke is my Bed, and Herbes my Life sustaine.
 Now while I famine feele, feare worse harmes,
 Father and Lord I turne, thy Loue (yet great)
 My faults will pardon, pittie mine estate.

This where an aged Oake had spread its Armes
 Thought the lost Child, while as the Heardes he led,
 Not farre off on the acherne wilde them fed.



I F that the World doth in amaze remaine,
 To heare in what a sad deploring mood,
 The Pelican powres from her brest her Blood,
 To bring to life her yonglings backe againe:
 How should wee wonder of that soueraigne Good,
 Who from that Serpents sting (that had vs slaine)
 To saue our lifes, shed his Lifes purple flood,
 And turn'd in endlesse Ioy our endlesse Paine?
 Vngratefull Soule, that charm'd with false Delight,
 Hast long long wander'd in Sinnes flowrie Path,
 And didst not thinke at all, or thoughtst not right
 On this thy Pelicanes great Loue and Death,
 Heere pause, and let (though Earth it scorne) Heauen see
 Thee powre forth teares to him powrd Blood for thee,



If when farre in the East yee doe behold,
 Forth from his Christall Bed the Sunne to rise,
 With rosie Robes and Crowne of flaming Gold?
 If gazing on that Empresse of the Skies
 That takes so many formes, and those faire Brands
 Which blaze in Heavens high Vault, Night's watchfull eyes?
 If seeing how the Seas tumultuous Bands
 Of bellowing Billowes haue their course confin'd
 How unsustain'd the Earth still steadfast stands?
 Poore mortall Wights, yee ere found in your Minde
 A thought, that some great King did sit above,
 Who had such Lawes and Rites to them assign'd?
 A King who fix'd the Poles, made Sphaeres to mone,
 All Wisdome, Purenesse, Excellencie, Might;
 All Goodnesse, Greatnesse, Iustice, Beautie, Loue;
 With feare and wonder hither turne your Sight,
 See, see (alas) Him now, not in that State
 Thought could forecast Him into Reasons light.
 Now Eyes with teares, now Hearts with grieve make great,
 Bemoane this cruell Death and drearie case,
 If euer Plaints iust Woe could aggravate?
 From Sinne and Hell to saue vs humane Race,
 See this great King nail'd to an abiect Tree,
 An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
 O unheard Pitsie! Loue in strange degree!
 Hee his owne Life doth giue, his Blood doth shed,
 For Wormelings base such Worthinesse to see.
 Poore Wights, behold His Visage pale as Lead,
 His Head bow'd to His Brest, Lockes sadlie rent,
 Like a cropt Rose that languishing doth fade.

Weake Nature weepe, astonish'd World lament,
 Lament, you Windes, you Heauen that all containes,
 And thou (my Soule) let nought thy Griefes retaine
 Those Hands, those sacred Hands which hold the raine
 Of this great All, and kept from mutuall warres
 The Elements, beare rent for thee their Kaines
 Those Feete which once must tread on golden Staires
 For thee with Nails would bee pierc'd through and torne,
 For thee Heauens King from Heauen himselfe debarres
 This great heart-quaking Dolour waile and mourne
 Yee that long since Him saw by might of Faith
 Yee now that are, and see yet so bee torne
 Not to behold his great Creators Death
 The Sunne from sinfull eyes hath vail'd his light
 And faintlie journeyes up Heauens Saphyre Gate
 And cutting from her Browe her Tresses bright
 The Moone doth keepe her Lords sad Obsequies
 Impearling with her Teares this Robe of Night
 All staggering and laxe leaue the Skies
 The Earth and elementall Seages quake
 The long since dead from bursted Graues arise
 And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
 And beare a Part with him who all them wrought
 And Man (though borne with eyes) shall pittie lacke
 Thinke what had beene your state, had hee not brought
 To these sharpe Pangs himselfe, and priz'd so high
 Your Soules, that with his Life them life hee bought
 What woes doe you attend? if still yee lye
 Plung'd in your wonted ordures & wretched Brood,
 Shall for your sake againe GOD euer die
 O leaue deluding shewes, embrace true good;
 Hee on you calles, forgoe sinnes shamefull trade,
 With Prayers now seeke Heauen, and not with Blood:

Let not the Lambes more from their Dames bee had,
 Nor Altars blush for sinne, liue euery thing,
 That long time long'd for sacrifice is made.
 All that is from you crau'd by this great King
 Is to beleuee, a pure Heart Incense is,
 What gift (alas) can wee him meaner bring?
 Hasten sinne-sicke Soules, this season ~~do~~ doe not misse,
 Now while remorselesse Time doth grant you space,
 And GOD invites you to your onlie Blisse:
 Hee who you calles will not denie you Grace,
 But low-deepe bukrie faulits, so yee repent,
 His Armes (loe) stretched are you to embrace.
 When Dayes are done, and Lifes small sparke is spent,
 So yee accept what freelie heere is giuen,
 Like brood of Angels deathlesse, all-content,
 Yee shall for euer liue with him in Heauen.



Come forth, come forth yee blest triumphing Bands,
 Faire Citizens of that immortall Towne,
 Come see that King which all this All commands,
 Now (ouercharg'd with Loue) die for his owne;
 Looke on those Nails which pierce his Feete and Hands,
 What a sharpe Diademe his Browes doth crowne?
 Behold his pallid Face, his Eyes which sowne,
 And what a throng of Theeues him mocking stands.
 Come forth yee empyrean Troupes, come forth,
 Preserue this sacred Blood that Earth adorne,
 Gather those liquid Roses off his Thornes,
 O! to bee loost they bee of too much worth:

For Streams, Iuice, Balm they are, which quench, kils, charms,
 Of GOD, Death, Hell, the wrath, the life, the harmes.



Soule, which to Hell wast thrall,
 Hee, Hee for thine offence,
 Did suffer Death, who ~~could~~ ^{did} not die at all,
 O soueraigne Excellence,
 O life of all that times,
 Eternall Bountie which each good thing giues,
 How could Death mouue so hee,
 No wit this Point can reach,
 Faith onely doth vs reach,
 For vs Hee dyed at all who could not dye.



Life to giue life, depriued is of Life,
 And Death displayeth Ensigne against Death,
 So violent the Rigour was of Death,
 That nought could daunte it but the Life of Life:
 No Power had Pow'r to thrall Lifes Pow'rs to Death,
 But willinglie Life hath abandon'd Life,
 Loue gaue the wound which wrought this worke of Death,
 His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of Life.
 Now quakes the Author of eternall Death,
 To finde that they whom earst he rest of Life,
 Shall fill his Roome aboue the listes of Death,
 Now all rejoyce in Death who hope for Life.
 Dead IESVS lyes, who Death hath kill'd by Death,
 No Tombe his Tombe is, but new Source of Life.



Rise from those fragrant Climes, thee now embrace,
 Vnto this World of ours O haste thy Race,
 Faire Sunne, and though contrarie wayes all yeare
 Thou hold thy course, now with the highest Spheare,
 Ioyne thy blew Wheelles to hasten Time that lowres,
 And lazie Minutes turne in perfect Hours;
 The Night and Death too long a league haue made,
 To stow the World in Horrors vglie shade:
 Shake from thy Lockes a Day with saffron rayes
 So faire, that it out-shine all other dayes;
 And yet doe not presume (great Eye of light)
 To be that which this Day must make so bright,
 See, an eternall Sunne hastes to arise,
 Not from the Easterne blushing Seas or Skies,
 Or any stranger Worlds Heauens Concaues haue,
 But from the Darknes of an hollow Graue:
 And this is that all-powerfull Sunne aboue,
 That crown'd thy Browes with Rayes, first made thee moue.
 Lights Trumpetters, yee need not from your Bowres
 Proclaime this Day, this the angelicke Powres
 Haue done for you; But now an opall hew
 Bepaintes Heauens Christall, to the longing view
 Earths late hid Colours glance, Light doth adorne
 The World, and (weeping Ioy) forth comes the Morne;
 And with her, as from a Letbargicke Transe
 Breath (com'd againe) that Bodie doth aduance,
 Which two sad Nights in rocke lay coffin'd dead,
 And with an iron Guard inuironed,

Life out of Death, Light out of Darknesse springs,
 From a base Iaile forth comes the King of kings
 What late was mortall, thrall'd to euerie woe,
 That lackeyes life or vpon sense doth grow,
 Immortall is, of an eternall Stampe,
 Farre brighter beaming than the morning Lampe.
 So from a blacke Ecclipse out-peares the Sunne:
 Such [when a huge of Dayes haue on her runne,
 In a farre Forest in the pearlie East,
 And shee her selfe hath burnt and spicie Nest]
 The lonlie Bird with youthfull Pennes and Combe,
 Doth soare from out her Cradle and her Tombe:
 So a small seed that in the Earth lies hidde
 And dies, reuiuing burstes her cloddie Side,
 Adorn'd with yellow Lockes, of new is borne,
 And doth become a Mother great with Corne,
 Of Graines brings hundreths with it, which when old,
 Enrich the Furrowes with a Sea of Gold.

Haile holie Victor, greatest Victor haile,
 That Hell dost ransacke, against Death prenaile,
 O how thou long'd for comes! with Tubeling cries
 The all-triumphing Palladines of Skies
 Salute thy rising, Earth would loyes no more
 Beare, if thou rising didst ibem not restore:
 A sillie Tombe should not his Flesh enclose,
 Who did Heauens trembling Tarasses dispose,
 No Monument should such a Jewell hold,
 No Rocke, though Rubye, Diamond, and Gold.
 Thou onelie pittie didst vs humane Race,
 Bestowing on vs of thy free giuen Grace
 More than wee forfeited and loosed first,
 In Edens Rebell when wee were accurst.
 Then Earth our portion was, Earths loyes but giuen,

Earth and Earths Blisse thou hast exchang'd with Heauen.
 O what a hight of good vpon vs streames
 From the great splendor of thy Bounties Beames?
 When we deseru'd shame, horreur, flames of wrath,
 Thou bled our wounds, and suffer didst our Death,
 But Fathers Iustice pleas'd, Hell, Death o'come,
 In triumph now thou risest from thy Tombe,
 With Glories which past Sorrowes conteruaile,
 Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

Hence humble sense, and hence yee Guides of sense,
 Wee now reach Heauen, your weake intelligence
 And searching Pow'rs, were in a flash made dim,
 To learne from all eternitie, that him
 The Father bred, then that hee heere did come
 (His Bearers Parent) in a Virgins Wombe;
 But then when sold, betray'd, Scourg'd, crown'd with Thorne,
 Nail'd to a Tree, all breathlesse, bloodlesse, torne,
 Entomb'd, him risen from a Graue to finde,
 Confounds your Cunning, turnes like Moles you blinde.
 Death, thou that heeretofore still barren wast,
 Nay, didst each other Birth eate vp and waste,
 Imperious, hatefull, pittilesse, vniust,
 Vnpartiall equaller of all with dust,
 Sterne Executioner of heauenlie doome,
 Made fruitfull, now Lifes Mother art become,
 A sweete reliefe of Cares the Soule molest
 An Harbinger to Glorie, Peace and Rest,
 Put off thy mourning Weedes, yeeld all thy Gall
 To daylie sinning Life, proud of thy fall,
 Assemble thy Captiues, bide all haste to rise,
 And euerie Corse in earth-quakes where it lies,
 Sound from each flowrie Graue, and rockie laile,
 Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

The World that wanning late and faine did lie,
 Applauding to our Ioyes, thy Victorie,
 To a yong Prime essayes to turne againe,
 And as ere soyl'd with Sinne yet to remaine,
 Her chilling Agues shee beginnes to misse,
 All Blisse returning with the LORD of Blisse.
 With greater light Heauens Temples opened shine,
 Mornes smiling rise, Euens blushing doe decline,
 Cloudes dappled glister, boistrous Windes are calme,
 Soft Zephyres doe the Fields with sighes embalm,
 In amell blew the Sea hath hush'd his Roares,
 And with enamour'd Curles dath kisse the Shoares:
 All-bearing Earth, like a new-married Queene,
 Her Beauties hightenes, in a Gowne of Greene,
 Perfumes the Aire, her Meades are wrought with Flowres,
 In colours various, figures, smelling, powres,
 Trees wantone in the Groves with leaue Lockes,
 Her Hilles empampred stand, The Vales, the Rockes
 Ring peales of Ioy, her Floods her chrissall Brookes,
 (The Meadows Tangles) with many Maze-like Crookes,
 And whispering murmurs, sound vnto the Main,
 That Worlds pure Age returned is againe.
 The honnye People leaue their golden Bowres,
 And innocentlie pray on budding Flowres,
 In gloomie Shades pearcht on the tender Sprayes
 The painted Singers fill the Aire with Layes:
 Seas, Floods, Earth, Aire, alth diuerslie doe sound,
 Yet all their diuerse Notes hath but one ground,
 Re-echo'd heeredowne from Heauens azure Vaile,
 Haile holy Vict'or, greatest Vict'or haile.
 O Day on which Deathes Adamantine Chaine
 The LORD did breake, ransacking Satans Raigne,
 And in triumphing Pompe his Trophées rear'd,

Be thou blest euer, henceforth still endear'd
 With Name of his owne Day, the Law to Grace,
 Types to their substance yeeld, to thee giue place
 The old New-Moones, with all festiuall Dayes,
 And what about the rest deserueth praise
 The reuerend Saboath, what could else they bee
 Than golden Heraulds, telling what by thee
 Wee should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou cleare,
 And henceforth be thou Emperesse of the yeare,
 This Glorie of thy Sisters sexe to minne,
 From worke on thee, as other Dayes from Sinne,
 That Mankind shall forbear, in euery place
 The Prince of Planets warmeth in his race;
 And farre beyond his pathes in frozen Climes;
 And may thou be so blest to out-date Times,
 That when Heauens Quire shall blaze in accents lowd
 The many Mercies of their soueraignes Good,
 How bee on thee did Sinne, Death, Hell destroy,
 It may bee aye the Barthen of their Ioy.





Beneath a sable vaile, and Shadowes deepe,
 Of vnaccessible and dimming light,
 In Silence ebane cloudes more blacke than Night,
 The Worlds great King his secrets hidde doth keepe:
 Through those thicke Mists when any mortall Wight
 Aspires, with halting pace, and Eyes that weepe
 To pry, and in his Misteries to creepe,
 With Thunders hee and Lightnings blastes their Sight.
 O Sunne invisible, that dost abide
 Within thy bright abysses, most faire, most darke,
 Where with thy proper Rayes thou dost thee hide,
 O euer-shining, neuer full seene marke,
 To guidmee in Lifes Night, thy light mee shew,
 The more I search of thee, the lesse I know.



If with such passing Beautie, choise Delights,
 The Architect of this great Round did frame,
 This Pallace visible, short listes of Fame,
 And sillie Mansion but of dying Wights:
 How many Wonders, what amazing lights
 Must that triumphing Seat of Glorie claime?
 That doth transcend all this great Aiks yaste hights,
 Of whose bright Sunne ours heere is but a beame.
 O blest abode! O happie dwelling place!
 Where visiblie th Invisible doth raigne,
 Blest People which doe see true Beauties Face,
 With whose farre dawnings scarce he Earth doth daigne:
 All Ioy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,
 Match'd with your endlesse Blisse and happie life.



Loue which is heere a care,
 That Wit and Will doth marre,
 Vncertaine Truce, and a most certaine Warre,
 A shrill tempestuous Winde,
 Which doth disturbe the Minde,
 And like wilde Waves our designes all commoue;
 Among those Powres above,
 Which see their Makers Face,
 It a contentment is, a quiet Peace,
 A Pleasure void of Griefe, a constant rest,
 Eternall Ioy, which nothing can molest.



That space where raging Waues doe now diuide
 From the great Continent our happie Isle,
 Was sometime Land, and now where Shippes doe glide,
 Once with laborious Art the Plough did tyle:
 Once those faire Bounds stretcht out so farre and wide,
 Where Townes, no, Shires enwall'd, endeare each mile,
 Were all ignoble Sea and marish vile,
 Where *Proteus* Flockes danc'd measures to the Tyde.
 So Age transforming all still forward runnes,
 No wonder though the Earth doth change her Face,
 New Manners, Pleasures new, turne with new Sunnes,
 Lockes now like Gold grow to an hoarie grace:
 Nay, Mindes rare shape doth change, that lies despis'd,
 Which was so deare of late and highlie pris'd.



THis World a Hunting is,
 The Prey poore Man, the Nimrod fierce is Death,
 His Speedie Grayhounds are,
 Lust, Sicknesse, Enuie, Care,
 Strife that neere falles amisse,
 With all those ills which haunt vs while wee breath.
 Now, if by chance wee flie
 Of these the eager chase,
 Old Age with stealing pace
 Castles up his Nets, and there wee panting die.



WHy (Worldlings) do ye trust fraile Honours dreames:
 And leane to guilted Glories which decay?
 Why doe yee toyle to registrate your Names
 On ycie Pillars, which soone melt away?
 True Honour is not heere, that place it clames
 Where blacke-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
 Nor no farre-shining lamp diues in the Sea,
 But an eternall Sunne spreades lasting Beames:
 There, it attendeth you, where spotlesse Bands
 Of Sprits, stand gazing on their soueraigne Blisse,
 Where yeeers not hold it in their canckring hands,
 But who once noble euer noble is.
 Looké home, lest hee your weakned Wit make thrall,
 Who Edens foolish Gardner earst made fall.



AS are those Apples, pleasant to the Eye,
 But full of smoake within, which vse to grow
 Neere that strange Lake where God powr'd from the Skie
 Huge showres of flames, worfe flames to ouer-throw:
 Such are their workes that with a glaring Show
 Of humble holinesse, in Vertues dye
 Would colour mischiefe, while within they glow
 With coales of Sinne, though none the Smoake descrie.
 Ill is that Angell that earst fell from Heauen,
 But not more ill than hee, nor in worfe case
 Who hides a traitrous Minde with smiling face,
 And with a Doves white feathers maskes a Rauen:
 Each Sinne some colour hath it to adorne,
 Hypocrisie All-mightie God doth scorne.



New doth the Sunne appeare,
 The Mountaines Snowes decay,
 Crown'd with fraile flowres forth comes the babye yeare,
 My Soule, Time postes away,
 And thou yet in that frost
 Which Flowre and fruite hath lost,
 As if all heere immortall were dost stay:
 For shame thy Powres awake
 Looke to that Heauen which neuer Night makes blacke,
 And there at that immortall Sunnes bright Rayes,
 Decke thee with Flowres which feare not rage of Dayes.



THrice happie hee who by some shadie Grooue,
 Farre from the clamorous World, doth liue his owne,
 Though solitarie, who is not alone,
 But doth conuerſe with that Eternall Louer;
 O how more ſweet is Birdes harmonious Moane,
 Or the hoarſe, Sobblings of the widow'd Done:
 Than thoſe ſmooth whiſperings neere a Princes Throne,
 Which Good make doubtfull do the euill approue:
 O how more ſweet is Zephyres wholeſome Breath,
 And Sighes embalm'd, which new-borne Flowres vnfold;
 Than that applauſe vaine Honour doth bequeath:
 How ſweet are Streames to Poiſon drunke in Gold:
 The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Sights;
 Woods harmleſſe Shades haue only true Delights.



Sweet Bird, that ſing'ſt away the earlie Houres,
 Of Winters paſt or comming voide of Care,
 Well pleaſed with Delights which preſent are,
 Faire Seaſones, budding Sprayes, ſweet-smelling Flowres:
 To Rockes, to Springs, to Rills, from leaue Bowres:
 Thou thy Creators Goodneſſe doſt declare,
 And what deare Gifts on thee he did not ſpare,
 A ſtaine to humane ſenſe in Sinne that lowres.
 What Soule can be ſo ſicke, which by thy Songs
 (Attir'd in ſweetneſſe) ſweetlie is not driuen
 Quite to forget Earthes turmoiles, ſpights, and wrongs:
 And liſt a reuerend Eye and Thought to Heauen:
 Sweet Artleſſe Songſtarre, thou my Minde doſt raiſe
 To Ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels Layes.



AS when it hapneth that some louelic Towne
 Unto a barbarous Besieger fallēs,
 Who there by Sword and Flame himselfe enstalles,
 And (shamelesse) it in Teares and Blood doth drowne;
 Her Beautie spoil'd, her Citizens made Thralles,
 His spight yet can not so her all throw downe,
 But that some Statue, Arch, Phan of renowne,
 Yet lurkes vnmaym'd within her weeping walles:
 So after all the Spoyle, Disgrace and Wracke,
 That Time, the World, and Death could bring combind,
 Amidst that Masse of Ruines they did make,
 Safe and all scarre-lesse yet remains my Minde:
 From this so high transcending Rapture springs,
 That I, all else defac'd, not enuie Kings.



LEt vs each day enure our selues to dye,
 If this (and not our feares) be truelie Death,
 Aboue the Circles both of Hope and Faith
 With faire immortall Pinniones to flie?
 If this be Death our best Part to vntyē
 (By ruining the Iaile) from Lust and Wrath;
 And euerie drowfie languor heere beneath,
 It turning deniz'd Citizen of Skie?
 To haue more knowledge than all Bookes containe,
 All Pleasures euen surmounting wishyng Powre,
 The fellowship of Gods immortall Traine,
 And these that Time nor force shall e're deuoure?
 If this be Death? what Ioy, what golden care
 Of Life, can with Deaths ouglynesse compare?



A Midst the azure cleare
 Of Iordans sacred Streames,
 Iordan of Libanon the off-spring deare,
 When Zephires flowres vnclose,
 And Sunne shines with new Beames,
 With graue and statelie grace a Nymphe arose.
 Vpon her Head shee ware
 Of Amaranthes a Crowne,
 Her left hand Palmes, her right a Brandon bare,
 Vnvail'd Skinnes whitenesse lay,
 Gold haire in Curles hang downe,
 Eyes sparkled Ioy, more bright than Starre of Day.
 The Flood a Throne her rear'd
 Of Waues, most like that Heauen
 Where beaming Starres in Glorie turne enspear'd,
 The Aire stood calme and cleare,
 No Sigh by Windes was giuen,
 Birdes left to sing, Heardes feed, her voice to heare.
 World-wandring sorrie Wights,
 Whom no thing can content
 Within these varying lists of Dayes and Nights,
 Whose life (ere knowne amisse)
 In glittering Griefes is spent,
 Come learne (said shee) what is your choicest Blisse.
 From Toyle and pressing Cares
 How yee may respite finde,
 A Sanctuarie from Soule-thralling Snares,
 A Port to harbour sure
 In spite of waues and winde,
 Which shall when Times Houre-glasse is runne endure.

Not happie is that Life
 Which yee as happie hold,
 No, but a Sea of feares, a field of strife,
 Charg'd on a Throne to sit
 With Diademes of Gold,
 Preseru'd by Force, and still obseru'd by Wit;
 Huge Treasures to enioy,
 Of all her Gemmes spoyle Inde,
 All Seres silke in Garments to imploy,
 Delicioustie to feed,
 The Phœnix plumes to finde
 To rest vpon, or decke your purple Bed.
 Fraile Beautie to abuse,
 And (wanton Sybarites)
 On past or present touch of sense to muse;
 Neuer to heare of Noise
 But what the Eare delites,
 Sweet Musicks charmes, or charming flatterers voice.
 Nor can it Blisse you bring,
 Hidde Natures Depthes to know,
 Why matter changeeth, whence each forme doth spring,
 Nor that your Fame should range,
 And after-Worlds it blow
 From Tānāis to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
 All these haue not the Powre
 To free the Minde from feares,
 Nor hiddeous horror can allay one howre,
 When Death in steale doth glance,
 In Sicknesse lurke or yeares,
 And wakes the Soule from out her mortall Trance.
 No, but blest life is this,
 With chaste and pure Desire
 To turne vnto the load-starre of all Blisse,

On GOD the Minde to rest,
 Burnt up with sacred Fire,
 Possessing him to bee by him possesst.
 When to the baulmic East
 Sunne doth his light imparte,
 Or when hee diueth in the lowlie West,
 And rauisheth the Day,
 With spotlesse Hands and Hart
 Him chearefullie to praise and to him pray:
 To heed each action so,
 As euer in his fight,
 More fearing doing ill than passine woe,
 Not to seeme other thing
 Than what yee are aright,
 Neuer to doe what may Repentance bring:
 Not to bee blowne with Pride,
 Nor mou'd at Glories breath,
 Which Shadow-like on wings of Time doth glide,
 So Malice to disarm,
 And conquere hastie Wrath,
 As to doe good to those that worke your harme:
 To hatch no base Desires
 Or Gold or Land to gaine,
 Well pleas'd with what by Vertue one acquires,
 To haue the Wit and Will
 Consorting in one Straine,
 Than what is good to haue no higher skill.
 Neuer on Neighbours well,
 With Cocatrices Eye
 To looke, nor make an others Heauen your Hell;
 Not to be Beauties Thrall,
 All fruitlesse Loue to flie,
 Yet louing still a Loue transcending all:

*A Loue which while it burnes
 The Soule with fairest Beames,
 In that vncreatde Sunne the Soule it turnes,
 And makes such Beautie prone,
 That (if Sense saw her Gleames?)
 All lookers on would pine and die for loue.*

*VVho such a life doth liue,
 Tee happie euen may call
 Ere ruthlesse Death a wished' end him giue,
 And after then when giuen,
 More happie by his fall,
 For Humanes, Earth, enioying Angels, Heauen.*

*Swift is your mortall Race,
 And glasse is the Field,
 Vaste are Desires not limited by Grace,
 Life a weake Tapper is,
 Then while it light doth yeeld
 Leaue flying Ioyes, embrace this lasting Blisse,
 This when the Nymph had said,
 Shee diu'd within the Flood,
 VVhose Face with smyling Curles long after staid,
 Then Sighes did Zephyres presse,
 Birdes sang from euerie VVood,
 And Ecchoes rang, this was true Happinesse.*



AN HYMNE
OF
THE FAIREST FAIRE.

I Feele my Bosome glow with wontlesse Fires,
 Raif'd from the vulgar preasse my Mind aspires
 (Wing'd with high Thoughts) vnto his praise to clime,
 From deepe Eternitie who call'd forth Time,
 That Essence which not moud makes each thing moue,
 Vncreate Beautie all-creating Loue;
 But by so great an obiect, radiant light,
 My Heart appall'd, enfeebled restes my Sight,
 Thicke Cloudes benighte my labouring Ingines,
 And at my high attempts my Wits repine:
 If thou in mee this sacred Rapture wrought,
 My Knowledge sharpen, Sarcells lend my Thought?
 Grant mee (Times Father, world-containing King)
 A Pow'r of thee in pow'rfull Lyes to sing,
 That as thy Beautie in Earth lines, Heauen shines,
 So it may dawne, or shadow in my Lines.

As farre beyond the starrie walles of Heauen,
 As is the loftiest of the Planets seuen
 Sequestred from this Earth, in purest light
 Out-shining ours, as ours doth sable Night,
 Thou all-sufficient, Omnipotent,
 Thou euer-glorious, most excellent,
 GOD various in Names, in Essence one,
 High art enstalled on a golden Throne,
 Out-reaching, Heauens wide Vastes, the Bounds of nought,
 Transcending all the Circles of our Thought,
 With diamantine Scepter in thy Hand,
 There thou giu'st Lawes, and dost this World command,
 This World of Concords raise vnlikie sweet,
 Which like a Ball lies prostrate to thy Feet.

If so wee may well say (and what wee say
 Heere wrapt in flesh, led by dimme Reasones ray,
 To show by earthlie Beauties which wee see

That spirituall Excellence that shines in thee,
 Good Lord forgie) not farre from thy right Side,
 With curled Lockes Youth ever doth abide,
 Rose-cheeked Youth who garlanded with Flowres,
 Still blooming, ceaseleslie vnto thee powres
 Immortall Nectar in a cuppe of Gold,
 That by no darts of Ages thou grow old,
 And as ends and beginnings thee not clame,
 Successionlesse that thou be still the same.

Neare to thy other side resistlesse Might,
 From Head to Foot in burnisht Armour dight,
 That rings about him, with a waving Brand,
 And watchfull Eye, great Sentinell doth stand,
 That neither Time nor force in ought impaire
 Thy Workmanship, nor harme thine Empire faire,
 Soone to giue Death to all againe that would
 Sterne Discord raise which thou destroide of old,
 Discord that foe to order, Nurse of Warre,
 By which the noblest things dimolish are,
 But (catife) shee no Treason doth deuise,
 When Might to nought doth bring her enterprise,
 Thy all-vpholding Might her Malice raines,
 And her in Hell throwes bound in iron Chaines.

With Lockes in waues of Gold that ebbe and flow
 On yuorie necke, in Robes more white than Snow,
 Truth steadfastlie before thee holdes a Glasse,
 Indent'd with Gemmes, where shineth all that was,
 That is, or shall bee, heere ere ought was wrought,
 Thou knew all that thy Pow'r with time forth brought,
 And more, things numberlesse which thou couldst make,
 That actualle shall neuer being take,
 Heere thou beholdst thy selfe, and (strange) dost prone
 At once the Beautie, Lover and the Lout.

With Faces two (like Sisters) sweetlie faire,
 Whose Blossomes no rough Autumne can impaire,
 Stands Prouidence, and doth her lookes disperse
 Through euerie Corner of this Vniuerse,
 Thy Prouidence, at once which generall things
 And singulare doth rule, as Empires Kings,
 Without whose care this world (lost) would remaine,
 As Shippe without a Maister in the Maine,
 As Chariot alone, as Bodies prone
 Depriu'd of Soules, whereby they be, line, moue.

But who are they which shine thy Throne so neare?
 With sacred countenance, and looke seuer,
 This in one hand a pondrons Sword doth hold,
 Her left staves charg'd with Ballances of Gold,
 That with Browes girt with Bayes, sweet-smiling Face,
 Doth beare a Brandon, with a babish grace
 Two milke-white VVings him easilie doe moue,
 O shee thy Iustice is, and this thy Loue!
 By this thou brought this Engine great to light,
 By that it fram'd in Number, Measure, VVeight,
 That destine doth reward to ill and good;
 But Sway of Iustice is by Loue with Hood,
 Which did it not relent and mildlie stay,
 This World ere now had had its funerall Day.

What Bands (enclustred) neare to these abide,
 Which into vaste Infinitie them hide?
 Infinitie that neither doth admit,
 Place, Time, nor Number to encroach on it:
 Heere Bountie sparkleth, heere doth Beautie shine,
 Simplicitie, more white than Gelsomine,
 Mercie with open winges, ay-varied Blisse,
 Glorie, and Ioy, that Blissed darling is.
 Ineffable, all-pow'rfull GOD, all-free,

Thou onlie liu'st, and each thing liues by thee,
 No Ioy, no, nor Perfection to thee came
 By the contriuing of this Worlds great Frame,
 Ere Sunne, Moone, Starres beganne their restlesse race,
 Ere paint'd with purple light was heauens round Face,
 Ere Aire had Cloudes, ere Cloudes wept downe their showres,
 Ere Sea embraced Earth, ere Earth bare Flowres,
 Thou happie liu'd; World nought to thee supply'd,
 All in thy selfe thy selfe thou satisfy'd:
 Of Good no slender Shadow doth appeare,
 No age-worne tracke, which shin'd in thee not cleare,
 Perfections Summe, prime-cause of euerie Cause,
 Midst, end, beginning, where all good doth pause:
 Hence of thy Substance, differing in nought
 Thou in Eternitie thy Sonne forth braught,
 The onlie Birth of thy unchanging Minde,
 Thine Image, Patterne-like that euer shin'd,
 Light out of Light, begotten not by Will
 But Nature, all and that same Essence still
 Which thou thy selfe, for thou dost nought possesse
 Which hee hath not, in ought nor is hee lesse
 Than ~~Thou~~ his great Begetter; of this Light,
 Eternall, double, kindled was thy Spright
 Eternallie, who is with thee the same,
 All-holie Gift, Embassador, Knot, Flame:
 Most sacred Triade, O most holie One,
 Unprocreatde Father, euer-procreatde Sonne,
 Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are, aye shall be,
 (Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,
 Vncomprehensible by reachlesse Hight,
 And vnperceaued by excessive Light.
 So in our Soules three and yet one are still,
 The Vnderstanding, Memorie, and Wills

So (though unlike) the Planet of the Dayes
 So soone as hee was made begate his Rayes,
 Which are his Off-spring, and from both was hurld,
 The rosie Light which comforte doth the World,
 And none fore-went an other: so the Spring,
 The Well-head, and the Streame which they forth bring,
 Are but one selfe-same Essence, nor in ought
 Doe differ, saue in order, and our Thought
 No chime of Time discernes in them to fall,
 But Three distinctlie bide one Essence all.
 But these expresse not Thee, who can declare
 Thy being? Men and Angelles dazel'd are,
 Who force this Eden would with wit or sense
 A Cherubin shall finde to barre him thence.

Alls Architect, Lord of this Vniuerse,
 Ingulph'd is Wit would in thy Greatnesse pierce,
 Ah! as a Pilgrime who the Alpes doth passe,
 Or Atlas Temples crown'd with winter glasse,
 The ayrie Caucasus, the Apennine,
 Pyrenes clifts where Sonne doth neuer shine,
 When hee some heapes of Hilles hath ouer-went,
 Beginnes to thinke on rest, his Iourney spent,
 Till mounting some tall Mountaine hee doe find,
 More highs before him than hee left behinde:
 With halting pace so while I would me raise
 To the vnbounded Circuits of thy Praise,
 Some part of way I thought to haue o're-runne,
 But now I see how scarce I haue begunne,
 With Wonders new my Spirits range possesse,
 And wandring waylesse in a maze them rest.

In these vaste Fields of Light, etheriall Plaines,
 Thou art attended by immortal Traines
 Of intellectuall Pow'rs, which thou brought forth

To praise thy Goodnesse, and admire thy Worth,
 In numbers passing other Creatures farre;
 Since most in number noblest creatures are,
 Which doe in knowledge vs no lesse out-runne
 Than Moone in light doth Starres, or Moone the Sunne,
 Vnlike, in Orders rang'd and manie a Band
 (If Beautie in Disparitie doth stand?)
 Arch-angells, Angells, Cherubes, Seraphines,
 And what with name of Thrones amongst them shines,
 Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Powres,
 All-acting Verines of those flaming Towres;
 These freed of Vmbrage, these of Labour free,
 Rest rauished with still beholding Thee,
 Inflamde with Beames which sparkle from thy Face,
 They can no more desire, farre lesse embrace.

Low vnder them, with slow and staggering pace
 Thy Hand-maide Nature thy great Steppes doth trace,
 The Source of second Causes, golden Chaine
 That linkes this Frame as thou it doth ordaine,
 Nature gaz'd on with such a curious Eye
 That Earthlings oft her deem'd a Deitye.
 By Nature led those Bodies faire and greate
 Which faint not in their Course, nor change their State,
 Vnintermixt, which no disorder prone,
 Though aye and contrarie they alwayes mone,
 The Organes of thy Prouidence diuine,
 Bookes euer open, Signes that clearlie shine,
 Times purpled Maskers, then doe them advance,
 As by sweet Musicke in a measur'd dance;
 Starres, Hoste of Heauen, yee Firmaments bright Flowres;
 Cleare Lampes which over-hang this Stage of ours,
 Yee turne not there to decke the Weeds of Night,
 Nor Pageant-like to please the vulgare Sight,

Great Causes sure yee must bring great Effects,
 But who can discaine right your graue Aspects?
 Hee onlie who You made decipher can
 Your Notes, Heauens Eyes yee blinde the Eyes of Man.

Amidst these Saphire farre-extending Hights,
 The neuer-twinkling euer-wandring lights,
 Their fixed Motions keepe, one drye and cold,
 Deep-Leaden colour'd, slowlie there is roll'd,
 With Rule and Line for Times steppes measur'd euen,
 In twice three Lustres hee but turnes his Heauen.
 With temperate qualities and Countenance faire,
 Still mildlie smiling sweetlie debonnaire,
 An other cheares the World, and way doth make
 In twice sixe Autummes through the Zodiacke.
 But hote and drye, with flaming Lockes and Browes
 Enrag'd, this in his red Pavillion glows:
 Together running with like speed if space,
 Two equallie in hands atchieue their race,
 With blushing Face this oft doth bring the Day,
 And vspheres oft to statelie Starres the way,
 That various in vertue, changing, light,
 With his small flame impearles the vaile of Night.
 Prince of this Court, the Sunne in triumph rides,
 With the Teare Snake-like in her selfe that glides,
 Times Dispensator, faire life-giving Source,
 Through Skies twelue Postes as he doth runne his course,
 Heart of this All, of what is knowne to sense
 The likest to his Makers excellence,
 In whose diurnall motion doth appeare
 A Shadow, no, true portrait of the Teare.
 The Moone moues lowest, filuer Sunne of Night,
 Dispersing through the World her borrow'd light,
 Who in three formes her head abroad doth range,

*And onlie constant is in constant Change,
 Sad Queene of Silence, I neere see thy Face,
 To waxe, or waine, or shine with a full grace,
 But straight (amaz'd) on Man I thinke, each Day
 His state who changeth, or if hee find Stay,
 It is in drearie anguish, cares, and paines,
 And of his Labours Death is all the Gaines:
 Immortall Monarch, can so fond a Thought
 Lodge in my Brest? as to trust thou first brought
 Heere in Earths shadie Cloister wretched Man,
 To sucke the Aire of Woe, to spend Lifes span
 Midst Sighes and Plaints, a Stranger vnto Mirth,
 To giue himselfe his Death rebucking Birth?
 By sense and wit of Creatures made King,
 By sense and wit to liue their Vnderling?
 And what is worst, haue Eagles eyes to see
 His owne disgrace, and know an high degree
 Of Blisse, the Place, if hee might thereto clime,
 And not liue thrall'd to imperious Time?
 Or (dotard) shall I so from Reason swerue,
 To deeme those Lights which to our vse doe serue,
 (For thou dost not them need) more noblie fram'd
 Than vs, that know their course, and haue them nam'd?
 No, I neere thinke but wee did them surpass
 As farre, as they doe Asterismes of Glasse,
 When thou vs made, by Treason high defil'd,
 Thrust from our first estate we liue exil'd
 Wandring this Earth, which is of Death the Lot,
 Where he doth vse the Pow'r which he hath got,
 Indifferent Vmpire vnto Clownes and Kings,
 The supreame Monarch of all martall things,
 When first this flowrie Orbe was to vs giuen,
 It but in place disvalu'd was to Heaven,*

These Creatures which now our Soneraignes are,
 And as to Rebelles doe denounce vs warre,
 Then were our Vasselles, no tumultuous storme,
 No Thunders, Quakings, did her Forme deforme,
 The Seas in tumbling Mountaines did not roare,
 But like moist Christall whispered on the Shoare,
 No Snake did met her Meads, nor ambusht lowre
 In azure Curles beneath the sweet-Spring Flowre;
 The Night-shade, Henbane, Napell, Aconite,
 Her Bowelles then not bare, with Death to smite
 Her guiltlesse Brood; thy Messengers of Grace,
 As their high Rounds did haunte this lower Place;
 O Ioy of Ioyes! with our first Parents Thou
 To commune then didst daigne, as Friends doe now:
 Against thee wee rebell'd, and justlie thus
 Each Creature rebelled against vs,
 Earth, rest of what did chiefe in her excell,
 To all became a Taile, to most a Hell,
 In Times full Terme untill thy Sonne was giuen,
 Who Man with Thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heauen.

Whole and entiere all in thy Selfe thou art;
 All where diffus'd, yet of this All no part;
 For infinite, in making this faire Frame
 (Great without quantitie) in all thou came;
 And filling all, how can thy State admit,
 Or Place or Substance to be voide of it?
 Were Worlds as many, as the Rayes which streame
 From Dayes bright lamp, or madding Wits do dreame,
 They would not reele in nought, nor wandring stray,
 But draw to Thee, who could their Centers stay;
 Were but one houre this World disioyn'd from thee,
 It in one houre to nought reduc'd should bee,
 For it thy Shadow is, and can they last,

If seuer'd from the Substances them cast:
 O onlie blest, and Author of all Blisse,
 No, Blisse it selfe, that all-where wished is,
 Efficient, exemplarie, finall Good,
 Of thine owne Selfe but onlie understood;
 Light is thy Curtaine, thou art Light of Light,
 An euer-waking Eye still shining bright,
 In-looking all, exempt of passieue Powre,
 And change, in change since Deaths pale shade doth lowre:
 All Times to thee are one, that which hath runne,
 And that which is not brought yet by the Sunne,
 To thee are present, who dost always see
 In present act, what past is, or to bee;
 Day-liuers wee remembrance doe losse
 Of Ages worne, so Miseries vs tosse
 (Blinde and lethargicke of thy heauenlie Grace,
 Which Sinne in our first Parents did deface,
 And euen while Embryones curst by justest doome)
 That wee neglect what gone is, or to come,
 But thou in thy great Archiues scrolled hast
 In partes and whole, what euer yet hath past,
 Since first the marble Wheelles of Time were roll'd,
 As euer liuing, neuer waxing old,
 Still is the same thy Day and Yesterday,
 An vdiuided Now, a constant Ay.

O King whose Greatnesse none can comprehend,
 Whose boundlesse Goodnesse doth to all extend,
 Light of all Beantie, Ocean without ground,
 That standing flowest, giuing dost abound,
 Rich Pallace, and Endrueller euer blest,
 Neuer not vworking euer yet in Rest;
 What wit can not conceiue, words say of Thee,
 Heere where wee as but in a Mirrour see,

*Shadowes of shadowes, Atomes of thy Might,
Still owlie eyed when staring on thy Light,
Grant that released from this earthlie Iaile,
And freed of Cloudes which heere our Knowledge vaile,
In Heauens high Temples where thy Praises ring,
I may in sweeter Notes heare Angelles sing.*





Great GOD, whom wee wish humbled Thoughts adore,
 Eternall, Infinite, Almighty King,
 Whose Dwellings Heauen transcend, whose Throne before
 Archangells serue, and Seraphines doe sing,

Of nought who wrought all that with wondring Eies
 Wee doe behold within this various Round,
 Who makes the Rockes to rocke, to stand the skies,
 At whose command Cloudes peales of Thunder sound:
 Ah! spare vs Wormes, weigh not how wee alas
 (Euill to our selues) against thy Lawes rebell,
 Wash off those spots which still in Minds cleare Glasse
 (Though wee be loath to looke) wee see too well.
 Deser'd Reuenge O doe not doe not take,
 If thou reuenge what shall abide thy Bloue?
 Passe shall this World, this World which thou didst make,
 Which should not perish till thy Trumpet bloue,
 What Soule is found vvhom Pardon Crime not staines?
 Or vvhath vvvith its owne Sinnes defild is not?
 Though Iustice Rigor threaten (ah) her Rames
 Let Mercie guide, and neuer bee forgot.

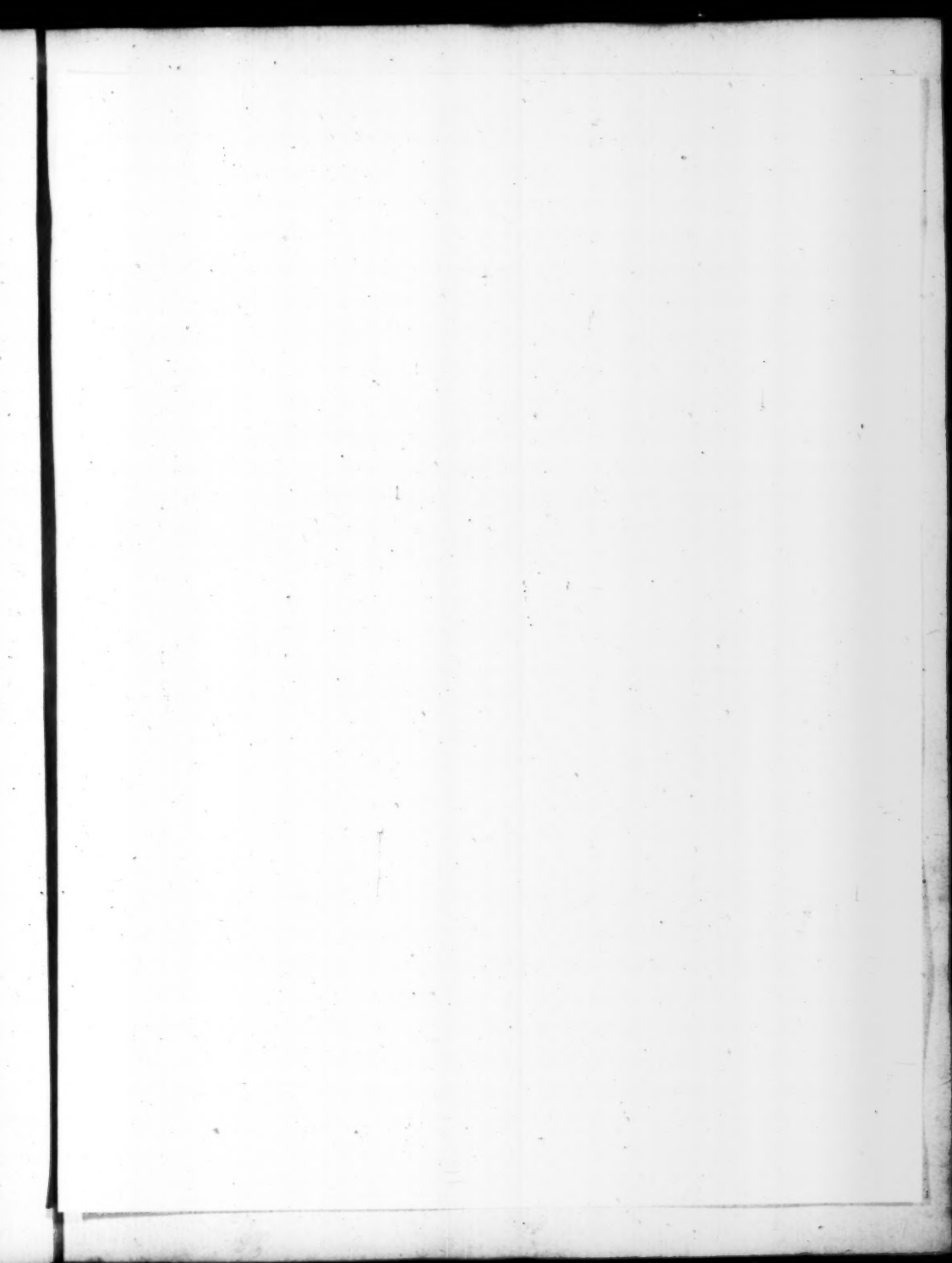
Lesse are our Faults farre farre than is thy Loue,
 O vvhath can better seeme thy Grace diuine,
 Than they that plagues deserue thy Bountie proue,
 And where thou shovvre mayst Vengeance, there to shine?
 Then looke and pittye, pittying forgiue
 Vs guiltie Slaues, or Seruants now in thrall,
 Slaues, if alas thou looke how vve doe line,
 Or doing ill, or doing nought at all?
 Of an vngratefull Minde a foule Effect,
 But if thy Giftes vvhich largelie heeretofore
 Thou hast vpon vs pou'r'd thou doe respect,

*W*ee are thy Seruants, nay, thou Seruants more,
 Thy Children, yes, and Children deaxlie bought,
 But what strange Chance vs of this Lot bareaues?
 Poore vworthles VVights howe lowlie are vwee brought,
 VVhom Grace once Children made, Sinne hath made Slaues?
 Sinne hath made Slaues, but let those Bands Grace breake,
 That in our vwrongs thy Mercies may appeare,
 Thy VVisedome not so meane is, Pow'r so weake,
 But thousand vvayes they can make VVorlds thee feare.

O VVisedome boundlesse! O miraculous Grace!
 Grace, VVisedome vvhich make vvinke dimme Reasons Eye,
 And could Heauens King bring from his placelesse Place,
 On this ignoble Stage of Care to dye:
 To dye our Death, and vwith the sacred Stream
 Of Bloud and VVater gushing from his Side,
 To make vs cleane of that contagious blame,
 First on vs brought by our first Parents Pride.
 Thus thy great Loue and Pitte (heauenlie King)
 Loue, Pittie vvhich so vwell our Losse preuent,
 Of Euill it selfe (loe) could all Goodnesse bring,
 And sad beginning cheare vwith glad euent.
 O Loue and Pitte! ill knowne of these Times,
 O Loue and Pitte! carefull of our need,
 O Bounties! vvhich our horride Actes and Crimes
 (Groovne numberlesse) contend neare to exceed.
 Make this excessiue ardour of thy loue,
 So vvarme our Coldnesse, so our Lifes renevv,
 That vwee from Sinne, Sinne may from vs remoue,
 Wit may our Will, Faith may our Wit subdue.
 Let thy pure Loue burne up all worldlie Lust,
 Hells candid Poisson killing our best part,
 Which makes vs ioye in Toyes, adore fraile Dust
 In stead of Thee, in Temple of our Heart.

*Grant when at last our Soules these Bodies leave,
 Their loathsome Shops of sinne and Mansions blinde,
 And Doome before thy royall Seat receaue,
 They may a Saviour, not a Iudge thee finde.*





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A
**CYPRESSE
GROVE.**

BY
W. D.

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CYPRESSE
GROVE.

BY
W. D.

A
CYPRESSE GROVE.



Hough it hath beene doubted if there be in the Soule such imperious and superexcellent Power, as that it can by the vehement & earnest working of it, deliuer knowledge to another without bodily Organes, & by the onely Conceptions and Ideas of it produce reall Effects; yet it hath beene euer and of all held as infallible and most certaine, that it often (either by outward inspiration, or some secret motion in it selfe) is augure of its owne Misfortunes, and hath Shadowes of approaching dangers presented vnto it before they fall forth: Hence so many strange apparitions and signes, true Visions, vncouth heaviness, and causelesse vncomfortable languishings: of which to seeke a reason, vnlesse from the sparkling of GOD in the Soule, or from the God-like sparkles of the Soule, were to make Reason vnreasonable, by reasoning of things transcending her reach.

Hauing often and diuerse times, when I had giuen my selfe to rest in the quiet solitarinesse of the Night, found my Imagination troubled with a confused feare, no, sorrow, or horror, which interrupting Sleepe did astonish my senses, and rowse me all appalled, and transported in a suddaine agonie and amazednesse; of such an vnaccustomed perturbation, not knowing, nor being able to diue into any apparent Cause, carried away with the streame of my (then doubting) Thoughts, I beganne to ascribe it to that secret fore-knowledge and presaging Power of the Propheticke Minde, and to interpret such an Agonie to be to the Spirit as a faintnesse and vniversall wearinesse vseth to be to the Body, a signe of following sicknesse, or as winter

Lightnings or Earth-quakes are to Commonwealthes and great Cities, Heibingers of more wretched euent.

Heereupon not thinking it strange if whatsoeuer is humaine should befall mee, knowing how Prouidence ouercomes Griefe, and discountenances Crosses; and that as we should not despaire of Euils which may happen vs, wee should not bee too confident; nor leane much to those Goods wee enjoy: I beganne to turne ouer in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable Mortalitie, and to forecast euery thing that with a Maske of horror could show it selfe to humane Eyes: Till in the end, as by Unities and Points, Mathematicians are brought to great numbers, and huge greatnesse, after many fantastickall glances of the VVoes of Mankinde, and those incombrances which follow vpon Life, I was brought to thinke, and with amazement, on the last of humaine Terrors, or (as one termed it) the last of all dreadfull and terrible Euils, Death. For to easie censure it would appeare, that the Soule, if it fore-see that diuorcement which it is to haue from the Body, should not without great reason be thus ouer-griued, and plunged in inconsolable and vnaccustomed Sorrow: considering their neare Vnion, long familiaritie and loue, with the great change, Paine, Vglinesse, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of Death.

They had their being together, Parts they are of one reasonable Creature, the harming of the one, is the weakning of the working of the other; what sweete contentments doth the Soule enjoy by the senses? They are the Gates and VWindowes of its Knowledge, the Organes of its Delight. If it be tedious to an excellent Player on the Lute, to abide but a few Monthes the want of one, how much more must the being without such noble Toolles and Engines bee plaintfull to the Soule? And if two Pilgrimes which haue wandred

wandred some few miles together, haue a hearts-griefe when they are neare to part, what must the Sorrow be at the parting of two so louing Friends and neuer-loathing Louers as are the Body and Soule?

Death is the violent estranger of acquaintance, the eternal Diuorcer of Mariage, the Rauisher of the Children from the Parents, the Stealer of Parents from their Children, the interrer of Fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness: by which the Liuing talke of those gone away as of so many Shadowes or age-worne Stories: all Strength by it is enfeebled; Beautie turned into deformitie & rottenesse, Honor in contempt, Glorie into basenesse. It is the reasonlesse breake off of all Actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet Pleasures of Earth, nor gaze vpon the statelie revolutions of the Heauens, Sunne perpetuallie setteth, Starres neuer rise vnto vs, It in one moment robbeth vs of what with so great toyle and care in many yeares wee haue heaped together: By this are Successions of Linages cut short, Kingdomes left heirelesse, and greatest States orphaned: it is not overcome by Pride, smoothed by Flatterie, diuerted by Time, Wisdome saue this can preuent and helpe euery thing. By Death wee are exiled from this faire City of the World, it is no more a World vnto vs, nor we any more people into it. The ruines of Phanes, Palaces, and other magnificent Frames, yeeld a sad prospect to the Soule, and how should it without horreur view the wracke of such a wonderfull Maister-piece as is the Body?

That Death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred, it cannot well and altogether be denied, it beeing a priuation of Life, and a not-being, and euery priuation being abhorred of Nature, and euill in it selfe, the feare of it too being ingenerate vniuersallie in all Creatures; yet I haue often thought that euen naturally to a Minde by onely Nature resolu'd and
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prepared, it is more terrible in Conceit than in Verity, and at the first Glance, than when well pryed into, and that rather by the weaknesse of our Fantasie, than by what is in it, and that the marble colours, of Obsequies, Weeping, and funerall Pompe (which wee our selues cast ouer it) did adde much more Gastlineffe vnto it than otherwayes it hath. To averre which conclusion, when I had gathered my wandering Thoughts, I beganne thus with my Selfe.

If on the great Theater of this Earth amongst the numberlesse number of men, *To die* were onely proper to thee and thine, then vndoubtedlie thou hadst reason to repine at so seuerer and partiall a Law? But since it is a necessitie, from the which neuer an Age by-past hath beene exempted, and vnto which they which bee, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd (no consequent of Life being more common and familiar) Why shouldst thou with vnprofitable, and nought availing stubbornnesse, oppose to so vncuitable and necessarie a Condition? this is the high-way of Mortalitie, our generall home, behold what Millions haue trod it before thee, what Multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant runne. In so vniversall a calamitie (if Death be one) priuate Complaints cannot bee heard, with so many royall Palaces, it is no losse to see thy poore Cabin burne. Shall the Heauens stay their euer-rolling Wheelles (for what is the motion of them, but the motion of a swift and euer-whirling Wheele, which twineth forth, and againe *vwindeth* our life) and hold still time, to prolong thy miserable dayes, as if the highest of their working were to doe homage vnto thee? Thy death is a peece of the order of this *All*, a part of the Life of this World, for while the World is the World, some Creatures must dye, & others take life. Eternall things are raised far about this Spheare of Generation & Corruption, where the first Matter, like an euer-flowing & ebbing Sea, with diuers Waues,

waues, but the same water, keepeth a restles and neuer-tyring current; what is below, in the vniuersalitie of the kind, not in it selfe doth abide, *Man* a long line of years hath continued, *This Man* euerie hundreth is swept away. This Globe enuironed with aire, is the sole Region of Death, the Graue where euerie thing that taketh Life must rotte, the Stage of Fortune and Change, onelie glorious in the vnconstancie and varying alterations of it, which though manie seeme yet to abide one, and being a certaine entire one, are euer many. The neuer-agreeing bodies of the elementall Brethren turne one in another, the Earth changeth her countenance with the Seasons, some-times looking colde, and naked, other times, hote and flowrie: Nay, I cannot tell how, but euen the lowest of those celestially bodies, that moother of monthes, and Empreffe of seas and moisture, as if shee were a Mirror of our constant mutabilitie appeareth (by her too great nearnesse vnto vs) to participate of our changes, neuer seeing vs twice with that same Face, now looking blacke, then pale and wanne, some-times againe in the perfection and fulnesse of her beautie shining ouer vs. Death no lesse than Life doth heere act a part, the taking away of what is old, beeing the making a way for what is young. They which fore-went vs did leaue a Roome for vs, and should we grieue to doe the same to those which should come after vs? who beeing suffered to see the exquisite rarities of an Antiquaries Cabinet is grieved that the curtaine bee drawne & to giue place to new Pilgrimes? and when the Lord of this Vniuerse hath shewed vs the amazing wonders of his various frame, should wee take it to heart, when hee thinketh time, to dislodge? This is, His vnalterable and vneuitable Decree, as wee had no part of our will in our entrance into this Life, wee should not persume of anie in our leauing it, but soberlie learne to

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will that which hee wills, whose verie willing giueth beeing to all that it wills, and reuerencing the Orderer, not repine at the order and Lawes, which all where and all wayes are so perfectlie established, that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the Leuell of Possibilitie.

If thou dost complaine that there shall bee a time in the which thou shalt not bee, why dost thou not too grieue that there was a time in the which thou wast not? and so that thou art not as old, as that enlivening Planet of time? for not to haue beene a thousand yeares before this moment, is as much to bee deplored, as not to be a thousand after it, the effect of them both beeing one: that will bee after vs which long long ere wee were, was. Our childrens children haue that same reason to murmur that they were not yong men in our dayes, which wee haue to complaine that wee shall not bee old in theirs. The Violets haue their time, though they empurple not the Winter, and the Roses keepe their season though they disclose not their beautie in the Spring.

Empires, States, Kingdomes, haue by the doome of the supream prouidence their fatall Periods, great Cities lie sadlie buried in their dust, Arts and Sciences haue not onelie their Eclipses, but their wainings and deaths, the gafflie wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages are ouer-throwne and trampled, some Lights above, not idlie intitled Starres, are loosed and neuer more seene of vs: The excellent Fabrike of this Uniuerse it selfe shall one day suffer ruine, or a change like a ruine, and poore Earthlings thus to bee handled complaine.

But is this Life so great a good, that the lose of it should bee so deare vnto Man? if it bee? the meanest Creatures of Nature thus bee happie, for they liue no lesse than bee:

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If it bee so great a felicitie, how is it esteemed of Man himselfe at so small a rate, that for so poore gaines, nay, one disgracefull word, hee will not stand to loose it? what excellencie is there in it, for the which hee should desire it perpetuall, and repine to bee at rest, and returne to his old Grand-mother Dust? of what moment are the labours and actions of it, that the interruption and leaving off of them should bee to him so distastfull, and with such grudging lamentations receiued?

Is not the entring into Life weaknesse? the continuing sorrow? in the one hee is exposed to all the injuries of the Elements, and like a condemned trespasser (as if it were a fault to come to the light) no sooner borne than manacled and bound; in the other hee is restlessly like a Ball tossed in the Tennis-court of this world, when he is in the brightest Meridian of his glorie, there missereth nothing to destroy him, but to let him fall his owne hight, a reflex of the Sunne, a blast of wind, nay, the glance of an eye, is sufficient to vndoe him: How can that bee any great matter, which so small instruments and slender actions are maisters of?

His Bodie is but a masse of discording humors boyled together by the conspiring influences of superior Lights, which though agreeing for a trace of time, yet can neuer bee made vniforme, and kept in a iust proportion. To what sicknesse is it subject vnto, beyond those of the other Creatures? No part of it beeing which is not particularlie infected and afflicted by some one, nay, euerie part with many? so that the Life of diuerse of the meanest creatures of Nature hath with great reason, by the most wise, beene preferred to the naturall life of man: And we should rather wonder how so fragill a matter should so long endure, than how so soone decay.

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Are the actions of the most part of men, much differing from the exercise of the Spider? that pitcheth toyles and is tapist, to pray on the smaller creatures, and for the weauing of a scornfull web eviscerateth it selfe many dayes, which when with much industrie finished, a tempestuous puffle of wind carrieth away both the worke and the worker? or are they not like the playes of Children? or (to hold them at their highest rate) as is a May-Game, or what is more earnest, some studie at Chess: euerie day wee rise and lie downe, apparell and disapparrell our selues, wearie our bodies and refresh them, which is a circle of idle trauels, and labours (like *Penelopes* taske) vnprofitable renewed. Some time wee are in a chafe after a fading Beautie, now wee seeke to enlarge our bounds, increase our treasure, living; poorelie, to purchase what wee must leaue to those wee neuer saw, or (happilie) to a Foole, or a Prodigall heire: raised with the wind of Ambition, wee court that idle name of Honour, not considering how they mounted aloft in the highest ascendant of earthlie Glorie, are but like tortured Ghosts wandering with golden fetters in glistring Prisons, hauing feare & danger their vnseperable executioners, in the midst of multitudes rather garded than regarded. They whom opaque imaginations and inward melancholie, haue made wearie of the worlds eye, though they haue withdrawn themselues from the course of vulgare affaires, by vaine contemplations, curious searches, are more diquieted, and liue a life worse than others, their wit beeing too sharpe to giue them a true taste of their present infelicitie, and to increase their woes; while they of a more shallow and simple conceit, haue want of knowledge, and ignorance of themselues, for a remedie and antidote against all the Greeuances of life.

What *Camelion*, what *Euripe*, what *Moone* doth change

so oft as man? hee seemeth not the same person, in one and the same day, what pleaseth him in the morning is in the euening vnto him distastfull. Young hee scornes his childish Conceits, & wading deeper in yeares (for yeares are a Sea into which hee wadeth vntill hee drowne) hee esteemeth his Youth vnconstancie, Rashnesse, Follie; Old hee beginnes to pitie himselfe, plaining, because he is changed that the world is changed, like those in a Ship, which when they launch from the Shore, are brought to thinke the Shore doth flie from them. When hee is freed of euill in his owne estate, hee grudges and vexes him selfe at the happinesse and fortunes of others, hee is pressed with care for what is present, with sorrow for what is past, with feare for what is to come, nay, for what will neuer come, and as in the Eye one teare forceth out another, so makes he one sorrow follow vpon a former, and euerie day laye vp stufte of grieve for the next.

The Aire, the Sea, the Fire, the Beastes, bee cruell executioners of Man, yet Beastes, Fire, Sea, and Aire, are pitifull to Man in comparison of Man, for moe men are destroyed by men, than by them all. What scornes, wrongs, contumelies, imprisonment, torments, poysons, receiueth man of man? What engynes and new workes of death are daylie found forth by man against man? What Lawes to thrall his libertie? fantasies and scarbugs, to inueigle his reason? Amongst the Beastes is there anie that hath so seruile a lot in anothers behalfe as Man? yet neither is content, nor hee who raigneth, nor hee who serueth.

The halfe of our life is spent in Sleepe, which hath such a resemblance to Death, that often it seperats as it were the Soule from the bodie, and teacheth it a sort of being aboue it, making it soare beyond the Spheare of sensuall delights, and attaine Knowledge vnto which while the body did

awake it could scarce aspire. And who would not, rather than abide chained in his loathsome Galley of the world sleepe euer (that is dye) hauing all thinges at one Stay bee free from those vexations, misaduenters, contempts, indignities, and many many anguishes, vnto which, this life is inuassled and subdued: and well looked vnto our greatest contentment and happineffe heere, seemeth rather to consist in an absence of miserie, than in the enjoying of anie great good.

What haue the most eminent of mortalls to glorie in? Is it Greatnesse? Who can bee great on so small a Round as is this Earth, and bounded with so short a course of time? How like is that to Castells or imaginarie Cities raised in the Skie by chance-meeting Cloudes? Or to Gyants modelled (for a sport) of Snow, which at the hoter lookes of the Sunne melt away, and lie drowned in their owne moisture? such an impetuous vicissitude towseth the estates of this World. Is it Knowledge? But wee haue not yet attained to a perfect Vnderstanding of the smallest Flower, and why the Grasse should rather bee greene than red. The Element of Fire is quite put out, the Aire is but Water rarified, the Earth moueth, and is no more the Center of the Uniuerse, is turned into a Magnes, Starres are not fixed, but swimme in the etheriall spaces, Comets are mounted aboue the Planets, some affirme there is an other world of men and creatures, with Cities and Towers in the Moone, the Sunne is lost, for it is but a cleft in the lower heauens, through which the light of the highest shines: Thus Sciences by the diuerse motions of this Globe of the braine of man are become opinions. What is all wee know, compared with what wee know not? Wee haue not yet agreed about the chiefe good and felicitie. It is (perhaps) artificiall Cunning, howe many curiosities

curiosities bee framed by the least Creatures of Nature, vnto which the industrie of the most curious Artizanes doth not attaine? Is it Riches? What are they but the casting out of Friends, the snares of libertie, bands to such as haue them, possessing rather, than possesst, Mettalls which Nature hath hidde (fore-seeing the great harme they should occasion) and the onelie opinion of man hath brought in estimation? like Thornes which laid on an open hand, may bee blowne away, and on a closing and hard gripping, wound it; Prodigalles misspend them, Wretches miskeepe them: when wee haue gathered the greatest abundance, wee our selues can enioye no more thereof, than so much as belongs to one man: What great and rich men doe by others, the meaner sort doe them selues. Will some talke of our Pleasures? it is not (though in the fables) told out of purpose, that *Pleasure* in hast beeing called vp to Heauen, did heere forget her apparell, which *Sorrow* thereafter finding (to deceiue the world) attired her selfe with: And if wee would say the trueth of most of our Ioyes, wee must confesse that they are but disguised sorrowes; the drames of their Honney are sowerd in pounds of Gall, Remorse euer enfeweth them, and neuer doe they existe but by their opposite sadnesse, nay, in some they haue no effect at all if some wakning griefe hath not preceeded and forewent them. Will some Ladies vaunt of their beautie? that is but skinn-deepe, of two senses onelie knowne, short euen of Marble-Statues, and Pictures, not the same to all eyes, dangerous to the beholder, and hurtfull to the possessor, an enemy to Chastitie, a thing made to delight others, more than those which haue it, a superficial luster hiding bones and the braines, thinges fearfull to bee looked vpon: growth in yeares doth blaste it, or Sicknesse, or Sorrow preuenting them:

them. Our strength matched with that of the vnreasonable Creatures, is but weaknesse: all wee can set our eyes on, in these intricate mazes of life, is but vaine perspective and deceiuing shadowes, appearing farre other wayes a farre off, than when enjoyed and gazed vpon in a neare distance.

If Death bee good, why should it bee feared? And if it bee the worke of Nature, how should it not bee good? For Nature is an ordinance and rule, which GOD hath established in the creating this Vniuerse (as is the Law of a King) which can not erre: For how should the Maker of that ordinance erre? sith in him there is no impotencie and weaknesse, by the which hee might bring forth what is vnperfect, no peruersenesse of will, of which might proceed any vicious action, no ignorance by the which he might goe wrong in working, beeing most powerfull, most good, most wise, nay, all-wise, all-good, all-powrefull. He is the first orderer, and marshalleth euery other order, the highest Essence, giuing essence to all other thinges, of all causes the cause, Hee worketh powerfullie, bonteouslie, wiselie, and maketh (his artificiall Organ) Nature doe the same. How is not Death of Nature? sith what is naturallie generate, is subject to corruption, and such an harmonie (which is Life) rising from the mixture of the foure Elements, which are the Ingredients of our bodie, can not euer endure; The **contrarietie** of their qualities (as a consuming Rust in the baser Metalles) beeing an inward cause of a necessarie dissolution. Againe, how is not Death good? sith it is the thaw of all those vanities which the frost of Life bindeth together. If there bee a societie in Life, then must there bee a sweetnesse in Death? The Earth were not ample enough to containe her of-spring if none dyed: in two or three Ages (without Death) what
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an vnpleasant and lamentable Spectacle, were the most flourishing Cities: for what should there bee to bee seene in them, saue bodies languishing and courbing againe into the Earth: pale disfigured faces, Skelitons in stead of men: and what to bee heard, but the exclamations of the young, complaintes of the olde, with the pittifull cryes of sicke and pining persons: there is almost no infirmitie worse than age.

If there bee any euill in death, it would appeare to bee that paine and torment, which we apprehend to arise from the breaking of those strait bands which keepe the Soule and body together; which, sith not without great struggling and motion, seemes to proue it selfe vehement and most extreame. The senses are the onely cause of paine, but before the last Trances of death, they are sobrought vnder that they haue no (or verie little) strength, and their strength lessening, the strength of paine too must be lessened, How should wee doubt, but the weaknesse of sense lessens eth paine, Sith we know that weakened and maimed parts which receiue not nourishment, are a great deale lesse sensible, than the other partes of the bodie; And see, that old decrepit persons leaue this world almost without paine, as in a sleeper? If bodies of the most sound and wholesome constitution bee these which most vehemently feelee paine: it must then follow, that they of a distemperate and crasie constitution, haue least feeling of paine, and by this reason, all weake and sicke bodies should not much feelee paine, for if they were not distempered and euill complexioned, they would not be sicke. That the Sight, Hearing, Taste, Smelling leaue vs without paine, and vnawares, we are vndoubtedlie assured, and why should wee not thinke the same of the Feeling? That which is capable of feeling, are the vitall spirits, which in a man in a persite health are spread

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and extended through the whole bodie, and hence is it that the whole body is capable of paine: But in dying bodies we see that by pauses and degrees the partes which are furthest removed from the heart, become cold, and being deprived of naturall heat, all the paine which they feele, is that they doe feele no paine. Now, euen as ere the sicke be aware, the vitall spirits haue with drawne themselues from the whole extension of the bodie, to succour the heart (like distressed Citizens which finding their walls battered down, flye to the defence of their Cittadell) so doe they abandon the heart without any sensible touch: As the flame, the oyle failing, leaueth the wicke, or as light the Aire which it doeth inuest. As to the shrinking motions, and convulsions of sinewes and members, which appeare to witnesse great paine, let one represent to himselfe the strings of an high-tuned Lut, which breaking, retire to their naturall windings, or a piece of Yce, that without any out-ward violence, cracketh at a Thawe: No otherwise doe the sinewes of the bodie, finding themselues slacke and vnbound from the braine, and their wonted labours and motions cease, struggle, and seeme to stirre themselues, but without either, paine or sense. Sowning is a true pourtrait of death, or rather it is the same, beeing a cessation from all action, motion, and function of sense and life: But in Sowning there is no paine, but a silent rest, and so deepe and sound a sleepe that the naturall is nothing in comparison of it; What great paine then can there bee in Death, which is but a continued Sowning, and a neuer againe returning to the woikes and dolorous felicitie of life?

Now although Death were an extreame paine, sith it is in an instant, what can it bee? why should wee feare it? for while wee are, it commeth not, and it beeing come we are no more. Nay, though it were most painfull, long continuing

tinuing, and terrible, vglie why should wee feare it? Sith feare is a foolish passion but where it may preferue; but it can not preferue vs from Death, yea rather the feare of it, banishing the comfortes of present contentmentes, makes Death to aduance and approach the more neare vnto vs. That is euer terrible which is vnknowne, so doe litle children feare to goe in the darke, and their feare is increased with tales.

But that (perhaps) which anguisheth thee most, is to haue this glorious pageant of the World, remoued from thee, in the Spring and most delicious season of thy life; for, though to dye bee vsuall, to dye young may appeare extraordinarie. If the present fruition of these things bee vnprofitable and vaine, what can a long continuance of them bee? Stranger and new Halcyon, why wouldst thou longer nestle amidst these vnconstant and stormie waues? Hast thou not alreddy suffred enough of this World, but thou must yet endure more? To liue long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy yeares, which are now () and thou shalt find, that where as ten haue ouer-liued thee, thousands haue not attained this age. One yeare is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of Nature, nay, euen one day and night, for more is but the same brought againe: This Sunne, that Moone, these Starres, the varying dance of the Spring, Summer, Antumne, Winter, is that verie same which the golden Age did see. They which haue the longest time lent them to liue in, haue almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by that space of time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come: Why shouldst thou then care, whether thy dayes be manie or few, which when prolonged to the vttermost, proue, parale'd with eternitie, as a Teare is to the Ocean? To dye young, is to doe that soone, and in some fewer

dayes, which once thou must doe; it is but the giuing ouer of a Game that, after neuer so many hazardes, must be lost. When thou hast liued to that age thou desirest, or one of *Platos* yeares, so soone as the last of thy dayes riseth about thy Horizon, thou wilt then as now, demand longer respite, and expect more to come: It is Hope of long life, that maketh life seeme short. Who will behold, and with the eyes of aduice behold, the many changes depending on humane affaires, with the after-claps of Fortune, shall neuer lament to dye young. Who knowes what alterations and sudden disasters, in outward estate or inward contentments, in this wilderness of the world, might haue befallen him who dyeth young, if hee had liued to be old? Heauen fore-knowing imminent harmes, taketh those which it loues to it selfe before they fall forth. Pure and (if we may so say) Virgine Soules, carrie their bodies with no small agonies, and delight not to remaine long in the dregs of humane corruption, still burning with a desire to turne backe to the place of their rest, for this world is their Inne and not their Home. That which may fall forth euery houre, cannot fall out of time. Life is a Iourney in a dustie way, the furthest Rest is Death, in this some goe more heauilie burthened, than others: swift and actiue Pilgrimes come to the end of it in the Morning, or at Noone, which Tortoyse-paced Wretches, clogged with the fragmentarie rubbidge of this world, scarce with great trauell crawle vnto at Midnight. Dayes are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodnesse: more Compassse maketh not a Spheare more compleat, but as round is a little as a large Ring; nor is that Musician most praise-worthie who hath longest played, but hee in measured accents who hath made sweetest Melodie, to liue long hath often beene a let to liue well. Muse not how many yeares thou mightst

mightst haue enjoyed life, but howe sooner thou mightst haue lossed it, neither grudge so much that it is no better, as comfort thy selfe that it hath beene no worse: let it suffice that thou hast liued till this day, and (after the course of this world) not for nought, thou hast had some smiles of Fortune, fauours of the worthiest, some friendes, and thou hast neuer beene disfaoured of the Heauen.

Though not for Life it selfe, yet that to after-worlds thou mightst leaue some monument that once thou wast, happy lie in the cleare light of reason, it would appeare that life were earnestlie to bee desired: for sith it is denyed vs to liue euer (said one) let vs leaue some worthie Remembrance of our once heere beeing, and draw out this Spanne of life to the greatest length, and so farre as is possible. O poore Ambition! to what I pray thee mayst thou concreate it? Arches and statelie Temples, which one age doth raise, doth not another raze, Tombes and adopted Pillars, lye buried with those which were in them buried: Hath not Auarice defaced, what Religion did make glorious? all that the hand of man can vpreare, is either ouer-turned by the hand of man, or at length by standing & continuing consumed: as if there were a secret opposition in fate (the vneuitable decree of the Eternall) to controule our industrie, & conter-checke all our deuices & proposing. Possessions are not enduring, Children lose their names, Families glorying (like Marigolds in the Sun) on the highest top of Wealth and Honour (no better than they which are not yet borne) leauing off to bee: So doth Heauen confound what wee endeavour by labour and art to distinguish. That renowne by Papers, which is thought to make men immortal, and which nearest doth approach the life of these eternall Bodies aboue, how slender it is, the verie word of Paper doth import, and what is it when obtained, but a

multitude of words, which comming Tymes may scorne;
 How many millions neuer heare the names of the most famous Writers, and amongst them to whom they are known how few turne ouer their Pages, and of such as doe, how many sport at their conceits, taking the veritie for a fable, and oft a fable for veritie, or (as we doe pleasants) vse all for recreation? Then the arising of more famous, doth darken, and turne ignoble the glorie of the former, beeing held as Garments worne out of fashion. Now, when thou hast attained what praise thou couldst desire, and thy fame is emblazoned in many Stories, it is but an Eccho, a meere Sound, a Glow-worme, which seene a far, casteth some cold beames, but approached is found nothing, an imaginarie happinesse, whose good depends on the oppinion of others: Desert and Vertue for the most part want Monuments and Memorie, seldome are recorded in the Volummes of admiration, while Statues & Torphees, are erected to those, whose names should haue beene buried in their dust, and folded vp in the darke clouds of obliuion: So doe the rancke Weeds in this Garden of the World choacke and ouer-runne the swetest Flowres. Applause whilst thou liuest, serueth but to make thee that faire marke against which Enuie and Malice direct their Arrows, at the best is like that Syracusians Sphear of Chirstall, as fraile as faire: and borne after thy death, it may as well be ascribed, to some of those were in the Trojan Horse, or to such as are yet to bee borne an hundreth yeares heereafter, as to thee, who nothing knowes, and is of all vnknowne. What can it auaille thee to bee talked of, whilst thou art not? Consider in what bounds our fame is confined, how narrow the lists are of humane Glorie, and the furthest she can stretch her wings. This Globe of the Earth which seemeth huge to vs, in respect of the Vniuerse, & compared with that wide wide paullon of Heauen, is lesse
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than little, of no sensible quantitie, and but as a point: for the Horizon which boundeth our sight, diuideth the Heauen as in two halfes, hauing alwayes fixe of the Zodiacke Signes aboue, and as many vnder it, which if the Earth had any quantitie compared to it, it could not doe. More if the Earth were not as a point, the Starres could not still in all parts of it appeare to vs of a like greatnesse; for where the Earth raised it selfe in Mountaines, wee being more neare to Heauen, they would appeare to vs of a greater quantitie, and where it is humbled in Vallies, we being further distant, they would seeme vnto vs lesse: But the Starres in all parts of the Earth appearing of a like greatnesse, and to euery part of it the Heauen imparting to our sight the halfe of its inside, we must auouch it to be but as a point. Well did one compare it to an Ant-hill, and men (the Inhabitants) to so manie Pismires, and Grashoppers, in the toyle and varietie of their diuersified studies. Now of this small indiuisible thing, thus compared, how much is couered with Waters? how much not at all discouered? how much vnhabited and desart? and how many millions of millions are they, which share the remnant amongst them, in languages, custumes, diuine rites differing, and all almost to others vnknowne? But let it bee granted that Glorie and Fame are some great matter, and can reach Heauen it selfe, sith they are oft buried with the honoured, and passe away in so fleet a reuolution of tyme, what great good can they haue in them? How is not Glorie temporall, if it increase with yeares and depend on time? Then imagine me (for what cannot Imagination reach vnto?) one could be famous in all times to come, and ouer the whole World present, yet shall hee be for cuer Obscure and ignoble to those mightie Ones, which were onelie heeretofore esteemed famous amongst the Assyrians, Persians, Romans. Again

the vaine affectation of man is so suppressed, that though his workes abide some space, the worker is vnknowne: the huge Egyptian Pyramides, and that Grot in *Pausilipo*, though they haue wrestled with tyme, and worne vpon the waste of dayes, yet are their authors no more knowne, than it is knowne by what strange Earth-quackes, and deluges, Yles were diuided from the Continent, or Hills bursted forth of the Vallies. Dayes, Monthes, and Yearès, are swallowed vp in the great Gulfe of Tyme (which puts out the eyes of all their Glorie) and onely a fattall obliuion remaines: of so many Ages past, wee may well figure to our selues some liklie apparances, but can affirme litle certaintie.

But (my Soule) what ailes thee, to bee thus backward and astonished, at the remembrance of Death, sith it doth not reach thee, more than darknesse doth those farre-shining Lampes aboue? Rowse thy selfe for shame, why shouldst thou feare to bee without a bodie, sith thy maker and the spirituall and supercelestiall Inhabitants haue no bodies? Hast thou euer seene any Prisoner, who when the Iaile Gates were broken vp, & he enfranchised & set loose, would rather plaine and sit still on his Fetters, than seeke his freedome? or any Mariner, who in the midst of Stormes arriuing neare the Shore, would launch forth againe vnto the Maine, rather than stricke Saile and joyfully enter the leas of a saue Harbour? If thou rightlie know thy selfe, thou hast but small cause of anguish, for if there be any resemblance, of that which is infinite, in what is finit (which yet by an infinite imperfection is from it distant) if thou be not an Image, thou art a shadow of that vnsearchable Trinitie, in thy three essentiall powers, Vnderstanding, Will, Memorie; which though three, are in thee but one, and abiding one, are distinctlie three: But in nothing more comest thou neare
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that Soueraigne Good, than by thy perpetuitie, which who striue to improue, by that same doe it proue: Like those that by arguing themselues to bee without all reason, by the verie arguing, shewe how they haue some. For, how can what is wholly mortall, more know what is immortall, than the eye can know sounds, or the eare
discerne of colours; if none had eyes, who would euer descant of light or shadow? To thee nothing in this visible World is comparable; thou art so wonderfull a beautie and so beautifull a wonder, that if but once thou couldst bee gazed vpon by bodilie eyes, euery heart would bee inflamed with thy loue, and rauished from all seruile basenesse and earthly desires. Thy beeing depends not on matter, hence by thine Vnderstanding, dost thou dyue into the being of euery other thing; and therein art so pregnant, that nothing by place, similitude, subject, tyme, is so conioyned, which thou canst not separate; as what neither is, nor any wayes can exist, thou canst faine, and giue an abstract beeing vnto. Thou seemest a World in thy selfe, containing Heauen, Starres, Seas, Earth, Floods, Mountaines, Forrests, and all that liueth: Yet restes thou not satiate with what is in thy selfe, nor with all in the wide Vniuerse, vntill thou raise thy selfe, to the contemplation of that first illuminating Intelligence, farre aboue Tyme, and euen reaching Eternitie it selfe, into which thou art transformed, for, by receiuing thou (beyond all other things) art made that which thou receiuest. The more thou knowest, the more apt thou art to know, not beeing amated with any object that excelleth in predominance, as Sense by objects sensible. Thy Will is vncompellable, resisting force, daunting Necessitie, despising Danger, triumphing ouer Affliction, vnmoued by Pittie, and not constrained by all the toyles and disasters of Life.

I

What

What the Arts-master of this Vniuerse is in gouerning this Vniuerse, thou art in the body; and as hee is whollie in euerie part of it, so art thou whollie in euerie part of the bodie. By thee man is that Hymen of eternall and mortall things, that Chaine together binding vn bodied and bodily substances, without which the goodlie Fabricke of this World were vnperfect. Thou hast not thy beginning from the fecunditie, power, nor action of the elementall qualities, beeing an immediate maister-piece of that great Maker: Hence hast thou the formes and figures of all things imprinted in thee from thy first originall. Thou only at once art capable of contraries, of the three parts of Tyme, thou makest but one. Thou knowest thy selfe so separate, absolute, and diuerse an essence from thy bodie, that thou disposest of it as it pleaseth thee, for in thee there is no passion so weake which muste not the feare of leauing it. Thou shouldst bee so farre from repining at this separation, that it should bee the chiefe of thy desires; sith it is the passage and meanes to attaine thy perfection and happinesse. Thou art heere but as in an infected and leproous Inne, plunged in a flood of humors, oppressed with cares, suppressed with ignorance, defiled and destained with vice, retrograde in the course of vertue; small things seeme heere great vnto thee, and great things small, Follie appeareth Wisedome, and Wisedome Follie. Freed of thy fleshlie care, thou shalt rightlie discern the beautie of thy selfe, and haue perfect fruition of that all-sufficient and all-suffizing Happinesse, which is GOD himselfe; to whom thou owest thy being, to Him thou owest thy well being; He and Happinesse are the same. For, if GOD had not Happinesse, Hee were not GOD, because Happinesse is the highest and greatest Good: If then GOD haue Happinesse, it can not bee a thing differing from Him; for, if there were any thing in Him, differing from Him, Hee should bee an essence com-

posed and not simple, more what is differing in any thing, is either an accident or a part of it selfe; In GOD Happinesse can not bee an accident, because Hee is not subject to anie accidents, if it were a part of Him (since the part is before the whole) wee should bee forced to grant, that some thing was before GOD. Bedded and bathed in these earthlie ordures, thou canst not come neare this soueraigne Good, nor haue any glimpse of the farre-off dawning of his vncessable brightnesse, no, not so much as the eyes of the Birds of the night haue of the Sunne. Thinke then by Death, that thy shell is broken, and thou then but euen hatched, that thou art a Pearle, raised from thy Mother, to bee enchaced in Gold, and that the death-day of thy body, is thy birth-day to Eternitie.

Why shouldst thou bee feare-stroken, and discomforted, for thy parting from this mortall Bride thy bodie, sith it is but for a tyme, and such a time, as shee shall not care for, nor feelee any thing in, nor thou haue much neede of her? Nay, sith thou shalt receiue her againe, more goodly and beautifull, than when in her fullest perfection thou enjoyed her; beeing by her absence made like vnto that Indian Christall, which after some reuolutions of Ages, is turned into purest Diamond. If the Soule bee the forme of the Bodie, and the forme separated from the matter of it, can not euer so continue, but is inclined and disposed to be reunited thereinto: What can let and hinder this desire, but that some time it bee accomplished, and obtaining the expected end, rejoyne it selfe againe vnto the bodie? The Soule separate hath a desire, because it hath a will, and knowes it shall by this reunion receiue perfection: too, as the matter is disposed, and inclineth to its forme when it is without it, so would it seeme that the Forme should be towards its matter in the absence of it. How, is not the

Soule the forme of the bodie, sith by it, it is, and is the beginning and cause of all the actions and functions of it: For, though in excellencie it passe euerie other forme, yet doth not that excellencie take from it the nature of a former. If the abiding of the Soule from the bodie be violent, then can it not bee euerlasting, but haue a regresse: How is not such an estate of beeing and abiding not violent to the Soule, if it bee naturall to it, to be in matter, and (separate) after a strange manner, many of the powers and faculties of it (which neuer leaue it) are not duelic exercised? This Vnion seemeth not aboue the Horizon of naturall reason, farre lesse imposible to bee done by God, and though Reason can not euidentialie heere demonstrate, yet hath shee a mistie and groping notice. If the bodie shall not arise, how can the onelie & Soueraigne Good, be perfectlie and infinitlie good? For, how shall hee bee just, nay, haue so much justice as Man, if Hee suffer the euill and vicious, to haue a more prosperous and happie life, than the followers of Religion and Vertue; which ordinarlie vseth to fall forth in this life? For, the most wicked are Lords and Gods of this Earth, sleeping in the lee port of honour, as if the spacious habitation of the World had beene made onelie for them, and the Vertuous and good, are but forlorne cast-aways, floting in the surges of distresse, seeming heere either of the eye of prouidence not pityed, or not regarded: beeing subject to all dishonours, wronges, wrackes, in their best estate, passing away their dayes (like the Dazies in the Field) in silence and contempt. Sith then hee is most good, most just, of necessitie, there must bee appointed by him an other time and place of retribution, in the which there shall bee a reward for living well, and a punishment for doing euill, with a life whereinto both shall receive their due; and not onelie in their Soules diuested, for, sith both
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the parts of man did act a part in the right or wrong, it carrieth great reason with it, that they both bee araigned before that high Iustice, to receiue their owne: Man is not a Soule onelie, but a Soule and Bodie, to which either guerdon or punishment is due. This seemeth to be the voice of Nature in almost all the Religions of the World; this is that generall testimonie, charactered in the minds of the most barbarous and sauage people; for, all haue had some rousing gesses at Ages to come, and a dimme dusky light of another life, all appealing to one generall Iudgement Throne. To what else could serue so many expiations, sacrifices, prayers, solemnities, and mysticall ceremonies? To what such sumptuous Temples, and care of the dead: to what all Religion? If not to shewe, that they expected a more excellent manner of beeing, after the nauigation of this life did take an end. And who doth denie it, must denie that there is a Prouidence, a GOD, confesse that his worship, and all studie and reason of vertue are vaines; and not belecue that there is a World, are creatures, and that Hee Himselfe is not what Hee is.

But it is not of Death (perhaps) that we complaine, but of Tyme, vnder the fatall shadow of whose winges, all things decay and wither: This is that Tyrant, which executing against vs his diamantine lawes, altereth the harmonious constitution of our bodies, benumbing the Organes of our knowledge, turneth our best Senses senselesse; makes vs loathsome to others, and a burthen to our selues: Of which euills Death releiueth vs. So that if wee could bee transported (O happie colonie!) to a place exempted from the lawes and conditions of Tyme, where neither change, motion, nor other affection of materiall and corruptible things were; but an immortall, vnchangeable, impassible, all-sufficient kind of life, it were the last of things

wishible, the tearme and center of all our desires. Death maketh this transplantation; for the last instant of corruption, or leauing off of any thing to bee what it was, is the first of generation, or beeing of that which succeedeth; Death then beeing the end of this miserable transitory life, of necessitie must bee the beginning of that other all-excellent and eternall: And so causleslie of a vertuous Soule is it either feared or complained on.

As those Images were pourtraited in my minde (the morning Starre now almost arising in the East) I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calme; and not long after, my Senses one by one forgetting their vses, beganne to giue themselues ouer to rest, leauing mee in a still and peaceable sleepe; if sleepe it may bee called, where the mind awaking is carried with free wings from out fleshlic bondage: For, heauie lids, had not long couered their lights, when ~~mine~~ ^{my} thought, nay, sure I was where I might discerne all in this great *All*; the large compasse of the rolling Circles, the brightnesse and continuall motion of those Rubies of the Night, which (by their distance) heere below can not be perceiued; the siluer countenance of the wandring Moone, shining by anothers light, the hanging of the Earth as (cui-roned with a girdle of Christall) the Sunne enthronized in the midst of the Planets, eye of the Heauens, Gemme of this precious Ring the World. But whilst with wonder and amazement I gazed on those celestiall Splendors, and the beaming Lampes of that glorious Temple (like a poore Countrie-man brought from his solitarie mountaines and flockes, to behold the magnificence of some great Citie) There was presented to my sight a Man, as in the spring of his yeares, with that selfe same grace, comely feature, Majesticke looke which the late () was wont to haue: on whom I had no sooner set mine eyes, when (like one Planet-stroken)

Planet-stricken) I became amazed : But hee with a mild demeanour , and voyce surpassing all Humane sweetnesse, appeared (mee thought) to say,

What is it doth thus **paine and perplex thee?**

Is it the remembrance of Death, the last Period of wretchednesse, and entrie to these happie places; the Lanterne which lightneth men to see the misterie of the blessednesse of Spirites, and that glorie which transcendeth the Courtaine of things visible? Is thy Fortune below on that darke Globe (which scarce by the smalnes of it appeareth heere) so great, that thou art heart-broken and dejected to leaue it? What if thou wert to leaue behind thee a () so glorious in the eye of the World (yet but a mote of dust encircled with a Pond) as that of mine, so louing () such great hopes, these had beene apparant occasions of lamenting, and but apparent? Dost thou thinke thou leauest Life too soone? Death is best young; things faire and excellent, are not of long endurance vpon Earth. Who liueth well, liueth long; Soules most beloued of their Maker, are soonest releued from the bleeding cares of Life, and most swiftlie waisted through the Surges of Humane miseries. Opinion that great enchantresse and peiser of things, not as they are, but as they seeme, hath not in any thing more, than in the conceit of Death abused Man: Who must not measure himselfe, and esteeme his estate, after his earthlie being, which is but as a dreame: For, though hee bee borne on the Earth, hee is not borne for the Earth, more than the Embryon for the mothers wombe. It plaineth to bee relieued of its bands, and to come to the light of this World; and Man wailleth to bee loosed from the Chaines with which he is fettered in that valey of vanities: It nothing knoweth whither it is to goe, nor ought of the beautie of the visible workes of God; neither doth Man

of the magnificence of the intellectuall World about, vnto which (as by a Mid-wife) hee is directed by Death. Fooles, which thinke that this faire and admirable Frame, so variouſlie diſpoſed, ſo rightlie marſhalled, ſo ſtronglie maintained, enriched with ſo many excellencies, not only for neceſſitie, but for ornament and delight, was by that Supream Wiſedome brought forth, that all things in a circularie courſe, ſhould bee and not bee, ariſe and diſſolue, and thus continue: as if they were ſo many Shadowes caſt out and cauſed by the encountering of theſe Superior Celeftiall Bodies, changing onelic their faſhion and ſhape, or fantaſticall Imageries, or printes of faces into Chriſtall. No no, the Eternall Wiſedome hath made Man an excellent Creature, though hee ſaine would vnmake himſelfe, and returne to nothing: And though he ſeek his felicity among the reaſonleſſe Wights, he hath fixed it about. Looke how ſome Prince or great King on the Earth, when hee hath raiſed any ſtatelie Citie, the worke being atchieued, is wont to ſet his Image in the miſt of it, to bee admired and gazed vpon: No otherwiſe did the Soueraigne of this All, the Fabricke of it perfected, place Man (a great Miracle) formed to his owne patterne, in the miſt of this ſpacious and admirable Citie. God containeth all in Him as the beginning of all, Man containeth all in him, as the miſt of all; inferiour thinges bee in Man more noble than they exiſt, ſuperiour thinges more meanlie, Celeftiall things fauour him, earthly thinges are vaſſaled vnto him, hee is the band of both; neither is it poſſible but that both of them haue peace with him, if he haue peace with him, who made the Couenant betweene them and him? Hee was made that hee might in the Glaſſe of the World behold the infinite Goodneſſe, Power, and glorie of his Maker, and beholding know, and knowing loue, and louing enioye, and
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to hold the Earth of him as of his Lord Paramount; neuer ceasing to remember and praise Him. It exceedeth the compasse of conceit, to thinke that that Wisedome which made euerie thing so orderly in the parts, should make a confusion in the whole, and the cheife Maister-peece; how bringing forth so many excellencies for Man, it should bring forth Man for basenesse and miserie. And no lesse strange were it, that so long life should be giuen to Trees, Beastes, and the Birds of the Aire, Creatures inferior to Man, which haue lesse vse of it, and which can not judge of this goodlie Fabricke, and that it should bee denied to Man: Vnlesse there were another manner of liuing prepared for him, in a place more noble and excellent.

But alas! (said I) had it not beene better that for the good of his natiue Countrie a () endued with so manie peerlesse gifts, had yet liued? How long will yee (replied hee) like the Ants, thinke there are no fairer Palaces, than their Hills; or like to poreblind Moles, no greater light, than that little which they shunne? As if the maister of a Campe, knew when to remoue a Sentinell, and Hee who placeth Man on the Earth, knew not how long he had need of Him? Euerie one commeth there to act his part of this Tragicomedie called Life, which done, the Courtaine is drawne, and hee remouing is said to dye. That Prouidence which prescriueth Causes to euerie euent hath not onelie determined a definit and certaine number of dayes, but of actions to all men, which they cannot goe beyond.

Most () then (answered I) Death is not such an euill and paine, as it is of the Vulgare esteemed? Death (said hee) nor painefull is, nor euill (except in contemplation of the cause) beeing of it selfe as indifferent as Birth: Yet can it not bee denied, but amidst those

dreames of earthly pleasures, the vncouthnesse of it; with
 the wrong apprehension of what is vnkowne in it, are
 noysome, But the Soule sustained by its Maker, resolu-
 ed, and calmlie retired in it selfe, doth find that Death (sith
 it is in a moment of Time) is but a short, nay, sweete
 sigh; and is not worthie the remembrance compared
 with the smallest dramme of the infinite Felicitie of this
 Place. Heere is the Palace Royall of the Almighty KING,
 in which the vncomprehensible comprehensiblie manife-
 steth Himselfe; in Place highest, in substance not subject
 to any corruption or change, for it is aboue all motion,
 and solid turneth not; in quantitie greatest, for, if one
 Starre, one Spheare bee so vast, how large, how hudge in
 exceeding demensions, must those bounds bee, which doe
 them all containe? In quantitie most pure and orient, Hea-
 uen heere is all but a Sunne, or the Sunne all but a Hea-
 uen. If to Earthlings the Foote-stoole of GOD, and that
 Stage which Hee raised for a small course of Time, see-
 meth so Glorious and Magnificent; What estimation would
 they make (if they could see) of His eternall Habitation
 and Throne? and if these bee so wonderfull, what is the
 sight of Him, for whom, and by whom all was created;
 of whose Glorie to behold the thousand thousand part,
 the most pure Intellegences are fullie satiate, and with won-
 der and delight rest amazed; for the Beautie of His light
 and the Light of His Beautie are vncomprehensiblie.
 Heere doth that earnest appetite of the Vnderstanding con-
 tent it selfe, not seeking to know any more. For it seeth
 before it, in the vision of the Diuine essence (a Miroir in the
 which not Images or shadowes, but the true and perfect
 Essence of euerie thing created, is more cleare and conspi-
 cuous, than in it selfe) all that may bee knowne or vnder-
 stood. Heere doth the Will pause it selfe, as in the cen-
 ter.

tet of its Eternall rest, glowing with a fire affection of
 that infinite and all-sufficient Good; which being fullie
 knowne, cannot (for the infinit motives and causes of
 loue which are in Him) but bee fullie and perfectlie
 loued: As Hee is onelie true and essentiall Bountie, so
 is Hee the onelie essentiall and true Beautie, deseruing
 alone all loue and admiration, by which the Creatures
 are onelie in so much faire and excellent, as they partici-
 pate of His Beautie and excelling Excellencies. Heere is a
 blessed Companie, euerie one joying as much in anothers
 Felicitie, as in that which is proper, because each seeth
 another equallie loued of G O D; Thus their distinct joyes
 are no fewer, than the copartners of the joye: And as the
 Assemblie is in number answerable to the large capacitie
 of the Place, so are the joyes answerable to the number-
 lesse number of the Assemblie. No poore and pittifull
 mortall, confined on the Globe of Earth, who hath neuer
 seene but sorrow, or interchangeable some painted super-
 ficiall pleasures, can rightlie thinke on, or bee sufficient to
 conceaue the tearmelesse Delightes of this Place. So ma-
 nie Feathers moue not on Birds, so many Birds dint
 not the Aire, so manie leaues tremble not on Trees,
 so manie Trees grow not in the solitarie Forests, so ma-
 nie Waues turne not in the Ocean, and so manie graines
 of Sand limit not those Waues: As this triumphant Court
 hath varietie of Delights, and Ioyes exempted from all
 comparifon. Happinesse at once heere is fullie knowne and
 fullie enjoyed, and as infinit in continuance as extent. Heere
 is flourishing and neuer-fading youth without Age, Strength
 without Weaknesse, Beautie neuer blasting, Knowledge
 without Learning, Aboundance without Lothing, Peace
 without Disturbance, Participation without Enuy, Rest
 without Labour, Light without rising or setting Sunne,

Perpetuitie without moments, for Time (which is the measure of endurance) did neuer enter in this shining Eternitie. Ambition, Disdain, Malice, difference of Opinions, can not approach this Place, resembling those foggie mists, which couer those Lifts of sublunarie things. All Pleasure paragon'd with what is heere is paine, all Mirth mourning, all Beautie deformitie: Heere one dayes abyding, is aboue the continuing in the most fortunate estate on the Earth manie yeeres, and sufficient to conteruaile the extreamest torments of Life. But, although this Blisse of Soules bee great, and their joyes many, yet shall they admit addition, and bee more full and perfect, at that long wished and generall meeting with their Bodies.

Amongst all the wonders of the great Creator, not one appeareth to bee more wonderfull (replyed I) than that our Bodies should arise, hauing suffered so many changes, and Nature denying a returne from Priuation to a Habit.

Such power (said hee) beeing aboue all that the Vnderstanding of Man can conceaue, may well worke such wonders; For, if Mans Vnderstanding could comprehend all the secretes and counsells of that Eternall Majestie, it must of necessitie bee equall vnto it. The Author of Nature is not thrall'd to the lawes of Nature, but worketh with them, or contrarie to them, as it pleaseth Him: What Hee hath a will to doe, Hee hath a power to performe. To that power which brought all this *All* from nought, to bring againe in one instant any substance which euer was into it, vnto what it was once, should not be thought impossible; For, who can doe more, can doe lesse, and His power is no lesse, after that which was by Him brought forth is decayed and vanished, than it was before it was produced; beeing neither restrained to certaine limits, or instruments, or to any determinate & definit manner of working:

king: where the power is without restraint, the worke admitteth no other limits, than the workers will. This World is as a Cabinet to God, in which the small things (how euer to vs hidde and secret) are nothing lesse kept, than the great. For, as Hee was wise and powerfull to create, so doth His Knowledge comprehend His own Creation; yea, euery change and varietie in it, of which it is the verie Source. Not any Atome of the scattered Dust of mankind though daylie flowing vnder new Formes, is to Him vnknowne; and His Knowledge doth distinguish and discern, what once His power shall waken and raise vp. Why may not the Arts-master of the World, like a Molder, what he hath framed in diuerse shapes, confound in one masse, and then seuerally fashion them out of the same? Can the Spaguricke by his Arte restore for a space to the dry and withered Rose, the naturall Purple and Blush: And can not the Almighty raise and refine the bodie of Man, after neuer so many alterations on the Earth? Reason her selfe finds it more possible for infinit power to cast out from it selfe a finit world, and restore any thing in it, though decayed and dissolued, to what it was first; than for Man a finit piece of reasonable miserie, to change the forme of matter made to his hand: the power of God neuer brought forth all that It can, for then were it bounded, and no more infinit. That Time doth aproach (O haste yee Times away) in which the Dead shall liue, and the Liuing be changed, and of all actions the Guerdon is at hand; Then shall there be an end without an end, Time shall finish, and Place shall be altered, Motion yeelding vnto rest, and another World of an Age eternall and vchangable shall arise: Which when Hee had said (methought) He vanished, and I all astonished did awake.

On the Report of the Death of the Author.



F that were true which whispered is by Fame,
That Damos light no more on Earth doth burne;
His Patron Phoebus physicke would disclame,
And cloth'd in cloudes as easie for Phaeton mourn.

*Yea, Fame by this had got so deepe a Wound,
That scarce shee could haue power to tell his Death,
Her Wings cutt short; who could her Trumpet sound,
Whose Blaze of late was nurc'd but by His Breath?*

*That Spirit of His which most with mine was free,
By mutuell trafficke enterchanging Store,
If chac'd from Him it would haue com'd to mee,
Where it so oft familiare was before.*

*Some secret Griefe distempring first my Minde,
Had (though not knowing) made mee feeble this losse:
A Sympathie had so our Soules combin'd,
That such a parting both at once would losse.*

*Though such Reports to others terrour giue,
Thy heauenlic Vertues who did neuer spie,
I know Thou, that canst make the dead to line,
Immortall art, and needes not feare to die.*

Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

To S. W. A.

THough I haue twice beene at the Doores of *Death*,
And twice found shoote those Gates which euer
This but a lightning is, Truce tane to Breath, (mourne,
For late-borne Sorrowes augurre fleet returne.

Amidst thy sacred Cares, and courtlie Toyles',
Alexis, when thou shalt heare wandring Fame
Tell, *Death* hath triumph'd o're my mortall Spoiles,
And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;

If thou e're held mee deare: by all our Loue,
By all that Blisse, those Ioyes Heauen heere vs gaue,
I conjure Thee, and by the Maides of *Ioue*,
To graue this short Remembrance on my Graue.

Heere *Damon* lyes, whose Songes did some time grace
The murmuring *Eske*, may Roses shade the place.



To the Memorie of the most
excellent Ladie, IANE
 Countesse of *Perth*.

THis Beautie which pale *Death* in Dust did turne,
 And clos'd so soone within a Coffin sad,
 Did, passe like Lightning, like to Thunder burne;
 So little Life, so much of Worth it had.

Heauens but to show their Might heere made it shine,
 And when admir'd, then in the Worlds Disdaine
 (O Teares, O Griefe!) did call it backe againe,
 Left Earth should vaunt Shee kept what was Diuine.

What can wee hope for more? what more enjoy?
 Sith fairest Things thus soonest haue their End,
 And, as on Bodies Shadowes doe attend,
 Sith all our Blisse is follow'd with Annoy?
 Yet She's not dead, She liues where She did loue,
 Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue.



